

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Poland Committee's Report, submitted on the 18th, is hardly worth discussing. They find—1st, That Oakes Ames was guilty of selling stock in the *Crédit Mobilier* to members of Congress at prices much below its real value, with intent to bribe. 2d, That James Brooks procured fifty shares, well knowing that he got it in order that his vote and decision might be influenced both as a member of Congress and as Government director. Mr. Blaine they exonerate *in toto*. Mr. Dawes took his stock and something in the way of dividends, but then "backed out," settled, and received as a net result of the operation only ten per cent. for his money. Mr. Scofield took some stock, received some dividends, backed out, and settled, though on what basis the Committee are unable to report. Mr. Bingham kept some of his dividends, but returned his stock; Mr. Kelley also received and kept dividends, as did Mr. Garfield. None of these men, however, had any corrupt motives in buying the stock, or knew what sort of a concern the *Crédit Mobilier* was; the Committee accordingly recommend the expulsion of Brooks and Ames. The question with regard to the other members, whether, inasmuch as they did know that the Union Pacific was to be built in great part by Government money, they were not in common decency bound to enquire what the *Crédit Mobilier* was, is not discussed.

With regard to jurisdiction, the Committee decide, what is undoubtedly the case, that the House has power to punish for offences committed by its members prior to the election. General Butler, however, who is said to have been retained by Ames in the matter, does not think that the House has jurisdiction. When the Poland report was submitted, Mr. Butler got a resolution passed directing the Judiciary Committee (of which he is a member) to ascertain if there was anything in the evidence making necessary the impeachment of any officer of the Government. Under cover of this direction, the Judiciary Committee (the fourth, if we remember right, to which the *Crédit Mobilier* has been referred) reported through Mr. Butler that the House had no jurisdiction, and cannot expel anybody. The characteristic impudence of the manner of getting in this argument—in a report in which it was as relevant as it would have been in a chapter in Luke—at first rather distracted attention from the monstrous character of the doctrine laid down, which is in effect that if a member of the House is caught picking pockets in a Washington horse-car, the House may not expel him, because the act would be merely an immoral act, and immorality is not authoritatively laid down as making a man constitutionally ineligible to Congress. Bloody murder, incest, and parricide are other causes of disqualification which the Constitution ought to mention. Of the committeemen who acquiesced in this attorney's plea in behalf of Oakes Ames, one, Bingham, is deeply in the *Crédit Mobilier* mire himself; another, Voorhees, "The Tall Sycamore," etc., goes out of Congress in a few days; a third, Eldridge, is another Democratic legal light of small magnitude; a fourth is Butler. What will be the upshot of all the confusion into which this national disgrace has now been brought no one ventures to say. The Wilson Committee report the "in trust question" in favor of the Government, which practically declares the Union Pacific bankrupt.

The case of Mr. Colfax has, with each new bit of evidence, grown worse rather than better. In his attempt to explain the deposit to

his credit of the \$1,200 on June 22, 1868, he has been obliged to show that he was in the habit of receiving from Nesbitt, about that time, sums of money, partly for his own expenses, and partly for the expenses of the campaign of that year. Nesbitt was a contractor, who furnished the Government stamped envelopes, and his motive in sending \$4,000 to Mr. Colfax (to give that gentleman the full benefit of his own evidence) was his ardent admiration for Mr. Colfax's success as being in some sort the apotheosis of a practical printer, Mr. Nesbitt having been of that craft. Unfortunately for the Vice-President, his story about receiving part of the \$1,200 in a \$1,000 bill seems to be rendered even more doubtful than it originally was by the fact that the only thing that he can prove he received from Nesbitt at the time was a draft or check for that amount. His deposit on June 22, however, was in bills. Altogether, Mr. Colfax's reputation is in a hopeless condition.

All accounts agree in confessing that the delegation of Kansas politicians who have been on at Washington testifying about Caldwell and Pomeroy were not a comely and prepossessing lot of gentlemen; but, if we may trust the best Administration correspondents, they must have been physically and morally loathsome in a marked degree. What has helped Caldwell, says one correspondent, is the appearance of the Kansas witnesses and attorneys. One of these creatures, it appears, has been heard to say that in case Caldwell could be expelled the Senate, he, the attorney, or "the man Simpson," as the correspondent calls him, was going to succeed him; and the correspondent remarks that the sight of this Simpson walking about under the eyes of senators has done something to reconcile senators to the continued society of Caldwell. Simpson is also a "conspirator," the object of his plots being Caldwell. For these and other reasons it is now thought that the injured Caldwell will not be allowed to abandon his seat. By-and-by, when a man wants to get expelled from the Senate or House, and really means business, he will cause to be published in one daily newspaper printed in the county in which he resides, and one daily newspaper printed in the District of Columbia, a notification to all men that on such a day, at such a place, articles of agreement were signed between him, Samuel C. Pomeroy, or Oakes Ames, or Alexander Caldwell, or Schuyler Colfax, or whatever his name may be, party of the first part, and So-and-so, party of the second part, to perform certain acts of bribery and corruption, and that such acts have been performed before So-and-so, a judge of a court of record.

The contest for the Massachusetts senatorship appears to be of doubtful result so far, and to be arousing a great degree of interest. Not that the people are so much excited, we suppose, but among the politicians, and in the newspapers, deep is calling unto deep at a great rate—the Massachusetts Club, the Custom-house, the Third House, the *Advertiser* and the other journals, the Post-Office, and various other institutions, making a great noise. According to the *Commonwealth*, which has relations with the Treasury Department, Mr. Boutwell, whom the *Commonwealth* asserts to be "like the wise father of a large and diverse family," so good is he at composing jars and quarrels, is found fault with by some people because, being a natural-born peacemaker, he consents to be on good terms with "an impulsive or even an audacious member" of his happy but diverse family. This accusation, as we gather from the journals which oppose Mr. Boutwell, refers to the alleged fact that Mr. Boutwell and the impulsive Butler have been colloquing together, and have made a pact which shall enure to the benefit of both gentlemen, help Judge Richardson into the Treasury when Mr. Boutwell

goes out, and put an end to that "localization of Butler in Essex County" which the decenter Massachusetts politicians have only with much vigilance and diligence maintained. The *Advertiser*, which may perhaps be against Boutwell from dislike of Butler and aversion to a Butler-Richardson-Boutwell political syndicate, is in favor of Dawes, and declares that if things go on for a fortnight longer as they have been going since the Legislature came together, Boutwell will lose his vaunted strength, and Dawes will be elected on the first ballot. But to say so, and to urge this result, the *Advertiser* appears to think it necessary to take so ingenious and so peculiar a view of the *Crédit Mobilier* business, that exactly what weight to attach to its vaticinations we do not know.

According to the *Advertiser*, had it not been for the courage and far-sighted faith of Mr. Oakes Ames, we should not have had our Pacific Railroad; or, at all events, we should not have had it so soon as we did get it, and, on the whole, our displeasure at Mr. Ames's pecuniary transactions is one more melancholy proof of the ungratefulness of republics; while the popular conviction that numerous Congressmen have been guilty of corruption and of falsehood, or something so very much like these things as to baffle casuistry, is, according to the *Advertiser*, a most cruel and perverse piece of injustice. Meantime, while the fight rages between the Boutwell men and the Dawes men, there is some talk of compromise candidates. Of these one is Mr. Sanford, Speaker of the House, known as yet to local fame only, whose friends are circulating a printed appeal in his behalf. Another is Mr. William Whiting, a gentleman of wealth, a lawyer of some sharpness and small political experience, a member of Congress elect, a former Solicitor of the War Department, and the author of a not much admired book on the war power granted by the Constitution to the General Government, and which advocates some very dubious extensions of that power. But we hear little serious talk of any candidate whose election would maintain and advance the credit of the State, although Judge Hoar, for one, is mentioned. Whether or not Massachusetts owes the country some such man may perhaps be profitably considered in the light of such a list of recent Massachusetts statesmen as this one: Mr. Oakes Ames, Mr. John B. Alley, Mr. N. P. Banks, Mr. B. F. Butler, and Mr. Ginery Twichell, not to mention the *Crédit Mobilier* stock held by one of the candidates for the vacant senatorship, and that held by the wife of the outgoing senator. We should recollect, too, that it was Massachusetts that furnished Kansas and the country with Mr. Samuel C. Pomeroy, who has just covered us all with such glory.

The Hon. Ginery Twichell of Massachusetts has given the latest illustration yet made public of the extent to which Congressmen have become demoralized by the habit, now long prevalent, of going to their places not as lawmakers acting for the public interests, but just precisely as before their election they used to go down to the counting-room of their shoe and leather house, or salt-works, or rolling-mill, or bunting manufactory, or other tariff-favored industry, whatever it might be. Mr. Twichell is a practical "railroad man," and he is in Congress as such; that is to say, he knows thoroughly that branch of the railroad business which largely consists in opening up by means of a railroad a new region which needs opening up or does not need it, but the opening up of which in any case leads to the possession by the railroad company of large quantities of public lands bestowed upon it by Congressional grants, which its officers in Congress beg and buy. Of one such road Mr. Twichell is the President, and the bill which he brought in he was very anxious to see passed—"as it would effect a saving to the Government," or for some other sufficient reason. He was so anxious that he is reported as having gone down to the tellers where members were passing through to be counted on the "Nay" side of the vote, and person-

ally expostulated with honorable gentlemen and begged them to change their votes. Upon this one Democratic member is reported to have remarked that "he had no objection to a railroad president's voting for his own bills"—and we dare say most men would say this without a trope—but that he thought lobbying for them was a little too much. Another Democrat, Mr. Cox, of New York, said that until then he had never seen anything so disgraceful during the whole term of his Congressional service. Mr. Twichell had previously been rebuked by the point of order made against him that a member should not vote in favor of measures which would affect his pecuniary interests, but it was the second rebuff that abashed him; and what probably abashed him even more was that his bill failed to pass.

Never before in the history of the country have there been three United States judges liable to impeachment and removal, but sure enough that is our case now. Judge Durell in Louisiana has been incidentally investigated by the Senatorial Committee on the affairs of that unhappy State, and although three reports were made, of varying tenor in several respects, they all agree in charging him with usurpation of power and an outrageous stretching of his jurisdiction in setting up the Kellogg or Custom-house government. Judge Sherman's case continues as lamentable as ever, and no hope for him, or rather for the bettering of his defence, is visible. That he or Durell are to suffer, however, there is not at present any certain indication. Worse off appears to be Judge Delahay of Kansas, an old gentleman of extraordinary humors, who is undoubtedly to be impeached, unless he resigns, which latter course his family are urging upon him, without as yet securing his assent. The senator-elect from Kansas, Mr. Ingalls, has testified that on one occasion when it was very necessary that certain processes should issue from the judge's court, he found the judge drinking heavily and the court regularly shut up each day without any business transacted. After asking the officers of the court and many other persons what he should do, he was at last informed that he had better give five thousand dollars to the judge's son-in-law (now Governor of Kansas) as an inducement to him to get the old gentleman into the court-house. This was accomplished, and the processes issued one evening after dark. We may add that Mr. Osborne was paid by a draft on Mr. Ingalls's clients, which they repudiated, and Mr. Osborne brought suit. Altogether, what with Kansas judges and governors and lawyers, and other official gentlemen in various places, we may conclude that Dr. Cumming has some color for asserting as he does that his powers as a prophet ought not to be discredited; for though the world is not destroyed yet, we are justified, he says, in considering the past year rather remarkable.

The last year has been fruitful in revelations of the rascality that infects nearly every American Legislative Assembly from Topeka to Charleston, and from New Orleans to Washington, and Harrisburg, and Albany, and Boston; but, after all, the case of the New Jersey lobby and the reading clerks who put the eighth section into the Stanhope Railroad Bill has hardly been surpassed. Our readers will recollect that we commented on this at the time, and that our columns contained some correspondence on that subject under the head of "A Five Million Dollar Swindle." We see that the courts have just given the job a quietus, temporary or permanent. We have no opinion to offer on the important question which may probably have been at the bottom of this particular piece of knavery. That New Jersey should have a general railroad law, and that the Pennsylvania Central road should not be allowed a monopoly of the railroad transportation across the middle section of New Jersey, are propositions to which assent may be given or withheld. But the way in which it was sought to give a share in this business to the corporation which got the Stanhope Bill

through the Legislature last winter, was a way about which there can be only one opinion. What the Corporation's methods were is not publicly known; but it is known that the House and Senate passed a bill for its benefit, and that when the presiding officers of the House and Senate had certified the bill and the Governor had given it his approval, it was found that between the bill's passage by the House and its signature by these three officials a section (the eighth) had been interpolated, with nobody's knowledge except that of certain outsiders and a clerk or two. This section changed the legislative grant of very petty powers into a very large and liberal grant, and made the little Stanhope railroad charter a charter under which the corporators could do pretty much everything, and certainly could make themselves a very dangerous rival of the Pennsylvania Central Company. This latter corporation at once brought suit, and it may be supposed and hoped that the clever and sagacious gentlemen who asked for a popular subscription of five millions to their stock did not get much money from the public. The Vice-Chancellor of the State has just voided the charter, not, however, on the ground of its fraudulent obtainment, but without going so far as to touch that matter, which, we believe, is to be the subject of a criminal investigation. The interpolated section would in any case be void, the Vice-Chancellor says; charters must be strictly construed, as already has been thoroughly laid down; any ambiguity in the terms of the grant must be construed against the corporation; and this charter is made up of half a dozen grants for various specific purposes, and of these purposes the carrying passengers and freight through from New York to Philadelphia was not one.

The Committee of Seventy held a great meeting on Tuesday evening to protest against the new Charter now before the Legislature at Albany. The resolutions, which were originally drafted by Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, and subsequently adopted, with modifications, by the Committee on Legislation, warn the "workers," "engineers," and "wire-pullers," and "rings" of all parties, that "the higher public opinion" in politics, and especially municipal politics, can no longer be safely disregarded; and that the municipal machinery cannot be used any longer for party purposes, and condemn without qualification the proposed mode of making appointments, the proposed mode of removing heads of departments with the consent of the Aldermen, and the proposed removability of subordinates without cause assigned; call for a union of the Department of Public Buildings and the Fire Department, for the bestowal of the Comptroller's power on a Finance Department, composed of several members, and for the selection of the Public Administrator and the Counsel to the Corporation by some judicial authority; condemn the proposal to give the Police Board power to make unlimited and arbitrary examinations of citizens and to give the Superintendent the right to keep "a band of spies" under his own and sole control, and the bestowal of such extensive powers on a single Commissioner of Public Works—a device copied from Tweed. The fact is, however, as we have before remarked, and as the resolutions admit, the Charter is as good as is consistent with a fixed plan to keep the city offices for the Republican party, or rather for the new "Ring." If you object to any of their schemes, however, they turn round and impudently ask you to submit a Charter yourself if you do not like theirs. But if you did, they would swarm up to Albany and fight it to the last.

The reader of our daily papers might be excused for believing that the "amended charter" is the work of patient and sagacious reformers sedulously thoughtful of the welfare of the municipality; or, on the contrary, for believing that it is the work of a small gang of thieves. The reader should know, however, that we have many writers for our daily press, and that some of them get

their wages from one sort of person and others of them get theirs from persons of another sort, and that each works accordingly. There is, however, a very general and vehement suspicion that the truth is about as follows, and it is none the less credited because few people are in a position to make oath to it in detail: The chicanery of the "Custom-house" Republicans is endeavoring to impose upon the Legislature at Albany a charter which will hand the city over to a new Ring government composed of Murphy and his friends, in alliance, more or less open, with O'Brien, the original Reformer who published the figures which ruined Tammany. This scheme of government for us dates back as far as last summer or autumn, and was then part and parcel of the Presidential campaign. Thus, it was commonly said last October and earlier that Mr. Commissioner Davenport was to have as a reward for his energetic suppression of Democratic false registry in this city the post of Superintendent of Police, and it is now openly avowed that he is to have that place. Mr. Havemeyer the Ring people do not dare to legislate out of office, perhaps because they are very well aware that he would be voted in again forthwith, as he was voted in against the Ring's former candidate O'Brien. He is not an ideal mayor, perhaps; and doubtless he represents a certain amount of old-fashioned prejudice, but just at present the old-fashioned prejudice in favor of honesty and against public plundering is strong in the community, and that also Mr. Havemeyer represents excellently. Apparently the Ring people's best reliance, next to secrecy and expedition, is the incredible purlblindness of party zeal among the Republican country members. Zeal it must be called, unless we are to call the whole legislative body corrupt. Husted, a politician of a variegated record, who manages the Charter on its passage through the House, tells the members that it is a Republican measure, a measure brought to Albany by Republicans, a measure urged by Republicans, and a measure designed to favor Republican rule, and the House votes obediently.

The condition of "metropolitan journalism" is still very entertaining to the light-minded and still draws sighs from the judicious. The *World* has again called the editor of the *Times* "Jennings," and an "exotic and fat-witted fibber"; to which the *Times* replies that the *World* is a "low and wretched organ" and "a brownstone organ." The editor of the *Times*, too, having been invited to a public dinner where he met the editor of the *Evening Post*, was dissatisfied with a speech made by the latter in response to a toast, and took an early opportunity of abusing it as a "school-boy performance," containing "musty quotations," and as "boyish nonsense"; and announced a series of articles by himself on the Charter, which would save all the editors, and in fact everybody else in the community, the trouble of further discussion, and advised the *World* to borrow money enough to pay the expense of copying them. Whereupon the *Post* called attention to what was coming, and bade "the whole earth keep silence," and "the city lend its attentive ears," while "we thankfully learnt from the oracle the secret of our destinies." It also aggravated these observations a few days later by sarcastically declaring that the *Times* had at last explained that it was it (the *Times*) which had first published the Ring accounts. This maddened the *Times* beyond endurance, and it forthwith "invited" the editor of the *Post*, as the French say, "to buy a nail brush, put on a clean shirt, or at least that strange article which he believed was called 'a dickey'" (this uncertainty is very funny), and "refrain from spouting boyish nonsense at public dinners, take a bath, and go to bed for a week or two"; and, in the meantime, "left him to revel in a congenial state of muck." The resemblance of this stuff to the swill which old Bennett used to empty on the heads of the "Little Villain," and "Massa Greeley," and the "Chevalier Webb," is strikingly suggestive, and we commend it to the attention of reformers and philanthropists.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE CURRENCY.

THE session is drawing to a close without any steps having been taken towards a return to specie payments. Indeed, beyond the introduction of Mr. Sherman's and Mr. Hooper's bills, Congress has given no sign of any interest in the subject, and these bills have attracted but little attention, owing to the certainty every one felt that there was no chance of their passing. The President is said to have set his heart, when he took office, on distinguishing his Administration by two exploits. One of these, the settlement of the *Alabama* question with England, has been successfully accomplished; the other, the redemption of the Government paper in coin, still lies in the list of things longed for but not greatly expected. Very unfortunately, too, the solitary sign of interest in the matter which has been shown by the Executive branch of the Government since General Grant's re-election has been an illegal expansion of the currency by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, with the subsequent approval or condonation of his chief. It is now rumored, but we hope untruly, that General Grant means to give this performance his own sanction also, by nominating Mr. Richardson for the Secretaryship in Mr. Boutwell's place, should the latter be elected to the Senate. Why this would be a very regrettable step, and why the retention of Mr. Boutwell in office so long is also to be deplored, we think it is not very difficult to show, assuming that a return to specie payments is desirable.

Perhaps no public question has ever been surrounded with such clouds of verbiage as the currency question, and this has had a good deal to do with making it so repulsive to many people that they will not look into it at all, and so hard of comprehension to the majority that it has been almost impossible to form anything like a well-defined public opinion upon it. There is, however, one great fact which governs, or ought to govern, all reasoning on the subject, and which goes far to furnish the key to the right policy with regard to it, viz., that what happened when we suspended specie payments was, that we sold to foreign nations the gold and silver which we had been previously using as our circulating medium, and determined to get on as best we could with a cheaper and less effective currency, namely, marked paper, which is of no value to anybody but ourselves, and which is liable to violent changes in quantity at the hands of the legislature. Now, returning to specie payments means *buying back* from foreigners, or taking out of our own production—which is the same thing—the quantity of gold and silver necessary to serve as before as a circulating medium. There is, therefore, no mystery about the process whatever in its essential features. There is a great deal of mysterious talk over the matter, and much use of sonorous epithets, but the thing itself is plain as a pikestaff. We are in the position of a peddler who, having been in the habit of travelling and carrying his goods in a wagon drawn by a horse, on being overtaken by adversity sold the horse and tried to get on with a donkey, and then, his troubles being over, is debating with himself whether he shall not put aside a portion of his profits and buy back the horse, so as to do more business over a wider area and with greater punctuality. In other words, our difficulty now is mainly a mental one. The advantages of gold and silver currency are obvious to everybody; the means of getting back are as simple as the means of purchasing a steam-engine; the questions we are debating, or ought to be debating, and would be debating if the quacks, schemers, and cloudy rhetoricians would let us, are: Are we willing and ready to buy and pay for as much gold and silver coin as we shall need? and, Shall we buy it gradually and by instalments, or all at once? Now, there is no doubt we can afford to do it. The surplus revenue devoted by Mr. Boutwell to the redemption of bonds not due, since General Grant came into office, would have supplied the means for it had we been in the right state of mind—that is, had there been a decided *animus* on the part of the community in that direction.

No such *animus* has hitherto existed, and for a variety of reasons. The paper currency was most unfortunately connected in the

public mind with the war and its results, and for some years after the war all attacks on it were looked on with suspicion, as possibly dictated or colored by copperheadism. In the then heated state of the nation, it seemed that the concession that the greenbacks were bad currency involved the concession that Congress had no power to issue them, and loyal men therefore avoided one as much as the other. Moreover, the minute the paper fell below the value of gold, two powerful classes were arrayed against all attempts to go back to a gold currency—one the debtor class, who had borrowed in greenbacks and agreed to pay in greenbacks; the other the trading class, who had bought goods for greenbacks, and still held them. It is true these classes perhaps constitute only a minority of the community, but their interest in the promotion and maintenance of inflation is stronger, because more direct and personal, than that of all the rest of the nation together. A man who has bought cotton, corn, or real estate, or borrowed money, with gold at 114, is a match, as a "worker" against resumption, for fifty men who desire resumption on general, economical, or patriotic grounds. Moreover, the great "operators" and dealers in money do not take very much interest in the matter, and, so far as they use their influence, use it on the side of paper, because they are sharp and ingenious enough to take care of themselves under all systems, and indeed on the whole like the aleatory character of a paper currency, because it increases their materials for speculation and their chance of making happy strokes in the stock market. They like to feel, too, that they are not abandoned to the blind forces of nature when carrying on their "little games," but can, in case they are badly "cornered," get relief from Uncle Boutwell or Cousin Richardson. The class which cannot protect themselves against the consequences of a bad, cheap currency are the workingmen; but in this, as in many other things, these are the victims of their ignorance. They feel their malaise, but they do not know its origin, and so stand by silent, or occupy themselves with crackbrained schemes for enabling them to diminish labor without diminishing production, and to eat their cake and have it. Then, though last, not least, there runs through the whole community a secret, though slight, feeling—everybody experiences it—of dread about returning to specie payments—something like one's reluctance to plunge into a cold bath. They know it will be healthful, and that they will be better after it, but they hang back, and put it off, and think it will perhaps do as well next year.

To overcome all these obstacles, and rouse in the public mind an effective demand for gold and silver coin, some powerful and active agency was necessary, and in the absence of anybody in Congress who had any weight with the country as an authority on public finance, this agency could not have been so well supplied by anybody as by the Treasury. Had Mr. Boutwell, for instance, been a man familiar in any way with the history or problems of national finance, and had he thrown the weight of the Treasury from the beginning into the scale in favor of a prompt redemption of the greenbacks, as he threw it in in favor of the honorable redemption of the bonds, we do not doubt that by this time public opinion would have settled down into as strong a conviction of the necessity of coming back at the earliest moment to the use of gold and silver currency, as that into which it has settled as to the propriety of paying the bonds "dollar for dollar in gold." Another illustration of the unfortunate position taken up by the Administration towards resumption was afforded by the pains taken to get the decision of the Supreme Court reversed, binding corporations to fulfil their old contracts in gold. That decision was accepted by the country with pleasure; it exercised no disturbing influence on business; it asserted the claims of honesty, and it undoubtedly, if allowed to stand, would have helped to increase the amount of dealing on a specie basis, and to turn the public mind insensibly towards resumption; but the Administration, in the most reckless manner, and with great risk to the independence of the judiciary, procured its reversal, by way of provision for a contingency about as probable as an invasion of this continent by the Czar.

If Mr. Boutwell now goes to the Senate, or other place, it is to be earnestly hoped that General Grant will appoint a successor who is sensible of the overwhelming importance of giving the country a sound currency, and who is ready to labor for that end and that only, and will throw the whole force of the Administration into the business of preparing the country for it, and rousing the people into a sense of its necessity, and who will take up some plan for that purpose. What we need first and foremost is something which will commit the Government to the redemption of its overdue notes, whether by slow degrees or rapidly, and no longer leave it an open question whether it needs to redeem them at all, which has been the shame and scandal of the last eight years; and we have no hesitation in bespeaking for a scheme recently devised by Mr. J. S. Ropes, of Boston, the careful attention of all interested in the matter. Mr. Ropes proposes that the Government should call in all its legal-tender notes, which falsely promise to pay dollars on demand, and substitute for them other legal-tender notes, making promises the Government means to keep and shall prepare to keep, and then redeem these in instalments—say at the rate of \$5,000,000 a month, beginning in January, 1875. This would be in fact a bona-fide attempt to purchase for the country gold and silver coin to be used in exchange, and to purchase it by degrees in such quantities as we could afford. Moreover, if the new legal tenders were redeemable on their face in this manner and at a day named, and in clearly manageable quantities, instead of at no time in particular, the Government and the public would be committed to a policy from which they could not recede without repudiation. To the argument that this gold and silver would go off again as before, we reply that it would not, if needed for the ordinary business uses of society—that is, if there was a corresponding diminution of other kinds of currency; and to secure this Mr. Ropes proposes to bring a process of pressure to bear on the banks, to force them to contract their circulation, of which we shall have something to say next week. But contraction is clearly part of the scheme, and has to be of any scheme of resumption, just as getting wet is an essential feature in taking a bath.

THE WAY CONGRESS DOES BUSINESS.

THE country is now in the midst of that period of legislative anarchy which, by the common consent of politicians, forms the concluding chapter in the history of every Congress. It must seem to the ordinary mind that the last days of a legislative body should be marked by unusual calmness, deliberation, and caution; for then its errors will remain beyond its own recall, and to a great extent practically beyond the correction of the succeeding Congress. But our professional politicians have reversed this self-evident proposition, and have deliberately decreed that during the last ten days of the session the "rules" may be suspended at any time, and that confusion, excitement, and reckless haste shall, so far as possible, characterize their proceedings. It is in this period that "jobs" and "riders" are "put through"; that commendable measures which have been slowly perfected and long awaiting action lose their precedence, to be jostled aside by bills that were introduced yesterday; and that legislation which the country needs has to go over because of the legislation under which the country groans. It is in this turmoil that upright men who really have the general welfare at heart become physically and morally exhausted and give up the struggle in despair; that "watch-dogs of the Treasury" like Mr. Washburn and Mr. Dawes cease to bark, or at best bark faintly—at the moon; and that the true professional who has learned to take advantage equally of rules and no rules, pounces upon his opportunities and makes his hay through these ten days of sunshine. The very multiplicity of the "jobs" and "riders" prevents public indignation from settling down upon any one, and throws an immunity around the author of each. Such phrases as "smuggled through Congress," "rushed through both Houses," confess the character of the legislation which courts and

executive officers must afterward administer and all good citizens revere as "the law."

It was at this time that the *Tribune*, in the days of Mr. Greeley, used to thunder vigorously, and call upon the country to mark the men who were responsible for this and that job. But unfortunately this marking process, for several obvious reasons, never produced an effective result. In the first place, the skilful wire-pullers did not want to be marked, and managed to pass the most flagrant measures without the call of the yeas and nays. Consequently there was no one to mark, and every man except the mover was free to declare that he voted against the nefarious bill. In the next place, the election of the succeeding Congress was already over. Those members who were going out had little to care for being marked, and those who had been re-elected had a good two years before them wherein to rub out the marks and get up for themselves "a new record." There also remained the difficulty that the marking must after all be remitted to a member's local constituency, and there was a loose idea in the public mind that, if a member's constituency chose to send him up again, it was highly disgraceful to them, but did not concern the party generally. The adroit politician, too, took care that none of the jobs should directly injure his constituents, and if he could lobby-through a new post-office or custom-house or harbor or river improvement for his district, he was able to explain, *sotto voce*, that his peccadilloes were necessary to command the requisite support. Hence the policy of holding individuals to an accountability for the sins of Congress has never produced any practical benefit to the country, and has to all intents and purposes been given up.

But this want of political responsibility extends much further. The Republican Executive is not held to any accountability for the action of a Republican Congress, and though they be parts of the same political organism, a positive antagonism may exist between them. Thus, during the present Administration, we have seen Mr. Dawes denouncing the extravagant expenditures of the Secretary of the Treasury; the Postmaster-General's official recommendation for the repeal of the franking privilege pushed aside by his political friends in the Senate; the efforts of the President to reform the civil service treated with contempt and ridicule by his immediate supporters in both houses of Congress; the Postmaster-General's award in the Chorpennig case repudiated by a Republican Congress as fraudulent, but the Postmaster-General contentedly continuing to hold his office, and throwing the blame on a previous Republican Congress.

And this want of unity becomes even more noticeable in Congress alone. With the exception of the few revenue bills which the Constitution requires shall originate in the House, there is no approach to systematic labor. Yesterday a Republican Senate ratified the Alaska treaty, and a Republican House refused, or threatened to refuse, the appropriation necessary to carry it into effect. To-day we see the Senate originate and perfect and pass a bill for the distribution of the *Alabama* damages, and the House originate and perfect and pass an entirely different bill for the same object. Frequently the same bill will be introduced into both Houses about the same time, and will pass in each; but the Senate duplicate will not be acted upon in the House, and the House duplicate will not be acted upon in the Senate, and the measure will be lost, though both Houses voted for its enactment. There is somewhere in the reports of our Courts the history of a private claim of unquestionable merit, which was passed without opposition ten times by one House, and fourteen times by the other, and yet never succeeded in getting through both Houses of the same Congress.

Of the internal machinery of Congress, the parts that bear the closest resemblance to a directing intelligence are the Committees on Ways and Means, on Appropriations, and on the Judiciary. But these committees depend entirely upon the personal influence of their members. They are not accorded the authority nor held to the responsibility of providing legislative measures to meet public necessities. Occasionally when they do embark in the enterprise

of bringing in a well-considered and carefully-drawn statute, they find that their friends in the same House think nothing of cutting it to pieces, and that incongruous amendments hastily scrawled by members during the hurry of the two hours' debate will be tacked on to puzzle courts, and perhaps destroy the very thing sought to be accomplished. But apart from this danger, there are similar committees in the other House to be consulted, and they, though controlled by the same political party, may have the measure referred, and "smother it in committee," and treat it with as much indifference as though it related to the affairs of another planet. In Parliament, a member of the Opposition calls the attention of the "Government"—that is to say, of the majority—to some abuse, and it then becomes the duty of the Government to provide a remedy, and failure to provide one will be one of the sins for which the majority must answer to the country. In Congress, no one can be held to this direct accountability, and the country seems in danger of losing sight of the fact that the majority governs, and, if we would have it govern well, that it must be held to the responsibilities of government.

The business procedure of the two Houses is also made up of antiquated and complicated machinery not ill-adapted for the few intelligent and painstaking gentlemen that formed the first Congress, but entirely unsuited to our present condition of legislative affairs. The hall is not a place for deliberative debate, but a strange medley of reading, writing, and lounging rooms condensed into one. The rules seem designed to retard and complicate business and shut off all intelligent discussion. Hence it is that there is not a deliberative body in the world whose work is so little affected by the debates of its members; and hence it is that in Congress so many small minds acquire prominence and the control of affairs. As a great lawyer going into one of our police courts may find his solid learning speedily brought to naught by the quirks and quibbles of the quick-witted gentlemen who are familiar with the many small technicalities of the place, so a really intelligent mind in Congress, intent on some legislative end, finds that he is dazed by the Babel around and the legerdemain of rules and objections which it requires years of active practice to master. A leading position in Congress at this time does not imply any qualities of statesmanship, nor any knowledge of the affairs and events of the country, nor even any familiarity with statutes enacted by previous Congresses, but simply a nimble dexterity in the use of the means, with almost entire ignorance and incapacity as regards the ends, of legislation.

In the present excitement caused by the immoralities of Congress, it will be well for the public mind to be turned somewhat to the system by which these immoralities are nourished. As the case now stands, we furnish some three hundred and fifty men with the material for corrupting themselves in the form of subsidies, excessive imposts, and paper-money inflation; and we then enable them to do it by a working system that facilitates every irregularity that we seek to repress. There are some changes that can only be brought about by an amendment of the Constitution, such, for instance, as the election of United States Senators by the people; but there are others which the Constitution cannot reach, and which are already within our power to control. There is no reason why it should be even possible to "smuggle" and "rush" bills through Congress. The scandalous practice is the conclusive evidence of a vicious or defective system. It is just as possible to reduce the routine business of Congress to the limits of method and order as the business of any other body of men. The yeas and nays, which now can only be ordered by a considerable number of members, and which, in the House of Representatives, require forty minutes of time, can be taken by mechanical means in a single minute, and should be taken on the final question of every amendment and every measure. The looseness which now allows a lobby or a ring arbitrarily to put aside the claims of a hundred poor men, to take up, without a minute's warning, the subsidy of a rich corporation, must yield to some system which, on the one hand, will do

away with such surprises, and, on the other, will secure to every citizen some approach to equality before Congress. During the past four years the country has morally won the battle of civil-service reform, though the work is far from perfected; and it will not be surprising if, during the next four years, the professional Congressman should himself be attacked within his own entrenched camp, and reform be cruelly forced into the Halls of Congress.

ENGLISH OBJECTIONS TO CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

A YOUNG man who describes himself as "an American resident in England" for some years, has written a letter to the *Times*, of this city, stating what he is pleased to consider the objections against the competitive civil-service system brought to light by English experience. The letter does not make the main point very clear; but it is an undoubted fact that certain English critics have found fault with the competitive system, and their criticism is entitled to consideration, because England is the only country purely "Anglo-Saxon" in which the experiment of competition has been tried, and because the condition of the civil service before the reform was about if not quite as bad as the condition of the service in the United States at present.

The English objections to the system are, first, that competitive examinations result in the selection of men who are too good for their places; second, that they result in the selection of men not good enough for their places. The first objection is very easily answered. If it be true that the applicants for the lower grades of official employment in England are in many or in a majority of cases men of good education, who have been to college, and who are fitted for better work, all that it is necessary to say is, Why do they apply? Unquestionably, because, in their opinion, the certainty of tenure and of promotion, as well as the respectability of the occupation, and the interest which a political career possesses for every one, make up in their mind for the smallness of the salaries and the tedious character of the clerical work to which they are at the outset confined. This objection answers itself. It is in fact ridiculous to suppose that men voluntarily enter a profession which they know to be beneath their talents.

The second objection may be divided into two heads: first, that the competitive system, by taking intelligence as its prime test and leaving out of view the moral qualities of applicants, must in a great many cases result in the selection of dishonest men for responsible positions in which honesty is just as much a necessity as intellect; second, that even for intellectual qualifications competition is a bad test, because the school of preparation for it is inevitably a "cramming" school, the aim of which is the stuffing by professional "coaches" of the embryo civil servant's mind with all sorts of useless learning in the shortest possible time. His studies have not been digested and become part of his mental constitution; they have been rammed into his mind as a charge is rammed into a gun, to be discharged at a given moment, leaving the implement as vacant as before.

With regard to the moral objection, it would be quite safe to say that the surest means of securing an honest civil service is a rigid system of supervision, and immediate dismissal for malfeasance. It is admitted, of course, by everybody, that a certificate of good moral character, whether given by influential men in the community in which the candidate lives, or by his intimate acquaintances, or even by his clergyman, amounts, in this day and generation, to nothing at all; but it might as well also be admitted that the number of abandoned "scallawags," "bummers," or "whiskey thieves" who would enter the ranks of a reformed civil service, and, in constant danger of exposure and punishment, long remain there, would be very small. Besides this, the number of abandoned rascals of eighteen or twenty years of age likely to apply for vacancies in the Treasury or Post-Office Department, knowing beforehand that they have nothing to look forward to but a life of honest toil, is extremely small.

"Cramming" seems at first sight to be the worst stumbling-block of all. Here again, though, the objectors fail to remember that if the applicant shows after he has passed his examination that he is unfitted to perform the duties of his office, he would always be dismissed. "Cramming," too, is not an evil peculiar to civil-service examination. It is an evil which is sure to engraft itself upon any system which tests knowledge by examination. It has long been one of the difficulties of university education; and to-day, both in England and America, one of the most important questions connected with education is, how to get the benefit of examinations without at the same time enabling the student to coach himself through them. The only means thus far suggested of securing the object sought is that of concealing from the student the time of the examination as long as possible, so that he may be obliged to keep himself in a constant state of preparation. Whether this

would be practicable with the Government examinations may be doubtful, but we have never heard it suggested that universities should, because they cannot make examinations perfect, give up examining students altogether. As a matter of fact, all human examiners, whether the machinery they use be competitive or "pass" papers, are fallible, and all human examinations fall short of that perfect system of testing a man's fitness for his work in which the examinations, competitive and otherwise, come at absolutely unexpected and even startling moments, which lasts until the breath is out of the body, which is always ending and always beginning, and which we call life. No doubt the true way to make a perfect civil service for any country would be to admit no one whose reputation had not been finally established by death; as we cannot have an ideal service, it is just as well to have a tolerably near approach to a good one.

And this brings us to the real point in the whole discussion, and that is, that our only choice lies between the competitive system and the present "régime of corruption, ignorance, bribery, waste, and extortion." This is the alternative, as the very slightest consideration of the history of civil-service reform in England will show.

So long as the aristocratic period lasted in England, that is to say, so long as the country was really governed by the landed families, patronage was in the hands of those families and of the crown. The civil service of the country was not, down to the present century, very large, and the abuses of the system were not much felt. It seemed only natural that the families who were the real sovereigns of England should distribute the offices of England. Indeed, if they did not do it, who would? Therefore, whenever any offices fell vacant, in the army, the navy, or the church, or anywhere else (the military and ecclesiastical services were the real antitypes of the civil service of to-day), they divided them among their younger sons, their brothers-in-law, and their wives' cousins, or other political adherents, without fear or shame.

This state of society has completely passed away, both in England and in this country. The sovereign is the popular will, or, if you please, the complicated machine for getting at the popular will known as Parliament. The revenues of both countries have become enormous, and the corps engaged in the collection and distribution of them perhaps the most important of all the Governmental bodies. Official positions in it are valuable to any one. In a democratic age, too, in the theory of society, every one has the right to an equal chance in obtaining political as well as any other position, and the only question is, how to reconcile the necessities of this theory with the necessity of having the most important Government offices filled with the best attainable men. Competitive examination is one way, and it has been tried in England. Another way is that of appointment by an elective executive, without other means of information as to the character of the applicants than he may be able to gather by his own acquaintance with them, or from the advice he gets from those who know them better. This system is an utter failure; first, because the examination into the fitness of applicants would take up the whole time of the executive, if properly carried on, and, secondly, because the information he gets from senators and representatives to aid him is totally worthless, the senators and representatives managing their nominations exactly as the great English families used to manage theirs, with the difference that the English had at least the advantage of the presumption of political skill on the part of the nephews, wives' cousins, and brothers-in-law, while we have the disadvantage of the profoundest political ignorance. We have also the disadvantage of living in an age in which the possession of any political position is the easy means of acquiring a fortune. The English system is more successful, as it is more just and democratic than our own, and these are the two between which we have to choose. If not, what other can be suggested which is better?

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 7, 1873.

LIKE all Englishmen of well-regulated minds, I read my *Times* every morning, and once a year I receive a shock of rather equivocal character. Once more the great tide of parliamentary eloquence has flowed back in an impetuous stream, as the so-called "bore"—a name of evil omen—rushes up the lower reaches of our rivers. The columns which yesterday were barren and desolate, where one had to pick one's way from one fragment of useful information to another, past dreary details of murders, accidents, and lawsuits, are now clothed to repletion with the rhetoric of our parliamentary leaders. Alas! the stream is very turbid and perplexed, or, to drop metaphor before it is worked to death, there is not much satisfaction to be derived either from the Queen's Speech or from the various comments to which it has given occasion. The proceedings on the first day of session are far from inspiring. They are little more than a pompous parade of the

hostile forces which precedes a general action. Perhaps it would be difficult to imagine a more uncomfortable position than that of the young gentlemen who are annually put forward to move the addresses in answer to the Queen's Speech. They are, in the first place, clad in some preposterous uniform, as deputy-lieutenants or officers in some militia regiment; and an Englishman in a uniform is always a prey to the most exquisite discomfort, unless he is kept in countenance by some hundreds of other victims. In this case he stands out in brilliant relief against the extremely free and easy costume of his brother-members of Parliament, and the strongest conviction in his mind is that he looks like a fool. The chances are ten to one that his conviction is thoroughly well founded. Then he has to make a speech about things in general, and to take for his text the Queen's Speech, which is proverbially the most inane species of composition known to humanity. Nobody has ever been known, since the earliest beginnings of English history, to gain any higher success in this performance than is implied in being strictly inoffensive. However, dreary as it is, it is not much worse than the more elaborate display which follows. The leaders of the opposition make their curtsies, and are duly met by the leaders of the ministerial forces in the two Houses. But neither party really wishes to show its card at this early period of the session; and accordingly the argument diverges for the most part into some safe generalities, where the greatest amount of talk may be got through with the least danger of any practical application. Last night, for example, a great deal was said about the Geneva arbitration. I have not, I must confess, had the heart to read it through. I would as soon read the debates upon the trial of Warren Hastings or the repeal of the corn-laws. Doubtless, there were a good many opportunities for little personal remarks, which gave more or less satisfaction to the hearers; but the subject itself is dead and buried, and the less one sees of its ghost the better.

A hint or two, however, may be derived from the Queen's Speech as to the probabilities of the coming session. A good many subjects for legislation are briefly suggested; such, for example, as the formation of a Court of Appeal, the revision of our system of local taxation, and the alteration of certain clauses in the Education Act. Each of these may, so far as we can tell, lead to discussions of an important character, or they may lead to nothing. This time last year we were all expecting that an exciting session would follow, and that Government would be very fortunate if it avoided a complete upset. Those expectations were falsified, chiefly, as it appears, owing to the complications about the Washington Treaty. Equally unexpected developments may of course take place upon the present occasion. So far, however, as the wisest prophets can tell us, and their opinion seems to be shared by the Ministers, the real battle of the year will be waged upon the question of Irish University Education. All manner of fierce passions are waiting for the signal to get up as pretty a fight as has been seen of late years. All last session the difficulty lay in the background, and in spite of Mr. Fawcett's efforts to bring it to a discussion, Government was able to shelve it for the time. Now, however, Mr. Gladstone has to show what is his method of grappling with this most ticklish business that has hitherto presented itself. The question, indeed, of arranging a university system is not, at first sight, so great a problem for a statesman as the disestablishment of a church or the reorganization of an army. But the difficulty of such a question is proportioned not to the amount of detail necessary, but to the bitterness of feeling which is excited. When it was once settled that the Church should be disestablished, all that remained was to grapple with those complicated financial details in the mastery of which Mr. Gladstone has no rival. But here he will have to reconcile bigoted Ultramontanes and uncompromising Secularists, and to satisfy the conflicting aspirations of parties divided by curiously complex varieties of opinion. Will he go far enough to satisfy the demands of the priests? Then he will have against him not only the Protestantism of England, but also the thoroughgoing Radicals, who have hitherto given him their votes, though all the time watching him with ever-growing suspicion. Will he attempt to rally the Radicals to his standard once more? Then he must count upon alienating the Irish vote, and, moreover, he will shock the prejudices of his own High-Church supporters. The probabilities are, of course, that Mr. Gladstone will produce, as usual, some very complex and ingenious plan, intended to satisfy everybody. He succeeded more or less in steering such a course in passing the English Education Bill, although the compromise then effected seems to have had the fate of most compromises, and to have embittered rather than pacified the antagonists. We shall see whether he will be equally successful on the present occasion; if he is, it must be admitted that he will have given a signal proof of parliamentary dexterity, though it may still be a question whether he has shown the genuine statesmanship by which permanent victories are gained. One could wish that he had in his composition a rather stronger dash of the Bismarck vigor.

Meanwhile, some indications of the future may be gathered from a plan put forward rather ostentatiously in the *Times*, and which may be regarded as an attempt by a judicious spectator to forecast the probable action of Government. The real pith of the matter seems to be that the Catholic priesthood wish to obtain a complete command of the higher education. They want to have a Catholic university which shall be fully on an equality with the Protestant and secular colleges, and they then trust that their spiritual authority will be sufficient to force all Catholic young men into their own fold, and keep them at a safe distance from Protestant contagion. Of course, the demand is put forward in the name of religious liberty; and the question is how far their legitimate demands can be satisfied without establishing a spiritual despotism. Mr. Fawcett has maintained that a sufficient concession will be made by throwing open the endowments of Trinity College to all sects, and by forming a governing body in which the Catholics will be fairly represented. Catholics have long been admitted as students and to take degrees, but they have not been allowed to hold fellowships or to have a share in the government. Such a change, however, is declared by the priests to be totally insufficient. Trinity College would still be tainted with Protestantism, and they would not allow their young men to incur the danger of such association. They wish to have the Catholic University which has recently been founded put in every respect on a level with Trinity College. Well, it is said, let a university be founded in Dublin after the fashion of the London University. Such a body is simply an examining board, authorized to grant degrees to anybody who applies for them. No, it is replied, this is still insufficient. This scheme would leave Trinity College and the so-called "godless colleges" precisely in their present condition, with all their endowments and privileges. The degrees of the new university would be considered as inferior to those granted by Trinity and by the Queen's University, and Catholic students would therefore not be on a thorough equality with Protestants. We must then make a further advance. An actual endowment of a Catholic university is not indeed to be thought of, for English public opinion would not stand it, and the plan of concurrent endowment or "levelling-up" was rejected on occasion of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But we might, in the first place, throw Trinity College open, as the proposal to do so has already been accepted by its existing governing body. Then we might form a national university, which should be something more than a mere examining board; it should affiliate all the existing colleges in Ireland, and have the sole right of conferring degrees; its governing body should be composed of the heads of all the subject and affiliated colleges; and, finally, it should receive considerable endowments, in order that it might bestow a sufficient quantity of prizes. These endowments might be derived partly from the existing endowments—that is to say, chiefly by taking a considerable slice of the endowments of Trinity College—and partly, it may be, from the balance left from the revenues of the disestablished church. This scheme, it is suggested, would give to the Catholics all they can fairly ask, without falling into the error of concurrent endowment; and it is urged, as against Mr. Fawcett's plan, that merely to open Trinity College in the way he proposes would still leave it infected by a certain Protestant flavor, and would therefore give a claim to the Catholics for an endowment of some of their institutions by way of balance.

I have dwelt upon this scheme, because it seems highly probable that something of the kind will be proposed by Mr. Gladstone, and because it illustrates the kind of demands which have to be satisfied. Any such scheme, however, would encounter a very large amount of opposition, for practically it would amount to making a considerable concession to the Catholic hierarchy. It would enable them to keep their students together under a strictly ecclesiastical system, and yet to obtain a considerable share of the endowments. It would seriously depress Trinity College, and throw a corresponding degree of influence into the hands of the priests. The proposal might be adopted in the name of toleration, but its natural effect would be to strengthen religious animosities by throwing difficulties in the way of a combined educational system. Catholics would be more than ever educated at one place and Protestants at another, and the concessions dictated by principle would be used against liberalism. But then, are we justified in looking behind the general principle, and asking in what spirit our concessions will be used? That is a very wide question, the discussion of which would lead to so many disputed points in political theories that I need go no further at present. I will conclude, therefore, with the remark that the materials of a very pretty quarrel are provided, and that there are plenty of people only too ready to take advantage of them. There seems to be a very general impression that this will be the last session of the present Parliament, and that the question of which I have been speaking will be the prominent topic for hustings speeches during the approaching autumn.

And yet a political mountain so often gives birth to a mouse that no cautious observer would be very confident in such a prediction.

Correspondence.

PECULIAR USAGES OF ENGLISH—OBSERVED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thinking it may be of general interest, I send you the following list of words and phrases which I have heard in the central district of the State of North Carolina. Those marked † may be infrequent.

Many well-known Southernisms prevail here, such as, a *heap* for a great quantity, *to tote*, *to reckon*, *nary*, *right smart*, *rock* for stone, a *branch* for a brook, *mighty* for very, *Mistress* for Mrs., *like* for as if, *done* in such combinations as "done gone."

Among peculiarities of pronunciation are *fotch*, *chimbley*, *mushmillion*, *trotzet* for towards, *horror* for harrow, *tuk* for took, *mought* for might, *east* for yeast, *untwil* for until, *hit* for it, *whingt* for wing, *to holf* for to help, *rense* for rinse, *rashuns* for rations, *whop* for whip, *crap* for crop, *serop*, *stop*, and *wrop* for serap, strap, and wrap, *pore* for poor, *Ivins* for Evans. Of peculiar accent are *artic'-le*, *vehic'-le*, *discip'-line*, the *contents*.

The common salutation is *Howdy?* (rhyme with rowdy) instead of "How do you do?" It is also used substantively; as, to send *howdy*. *Christmas gift* is the holiday salute instead of Merry Christmas. *Tricks* is used for toys; *snack* for a lunch; *sorry* for poor-looking, as a sorry horse; *no-account* for worthless, as a no-account clerk; *trifling* of unsubstantial things, as trifling lumber which is too thin for service—also, cheap, inferior, spoken both of things and of persons; *deceiving* for deceitful, as a very deceiving hole in the road; *rapid* of a person instead of his utterance, as he was rapid at first, but cooled off soon; *worried* for wearied; a *rising* for a swelling; a *misery* for a pain; a *lick* for a bump, as the baby fell on the floor and got a big lick; *to go at a big lick* for to go at a rapid rate; *in cahoot* or *in kerwhop* † for in partnership; *to pleasure* for to please; *quit* for stop, as quit pushing; *turn me loose* for let go of me; *go to do* for intend to do; *to be bound* to do a thing which cannot be helped, although not desired nor intended, as to lose one's way; *catawampus* for crooked, as the shawl hangs or the row of corn is planted *catawampus*; *cataspin* † for correspond, as to make one side of a cart *cataspin* with the other; *must* for may in asking permission; *excusingt* for except, as all the horses *excusingt* six or seven; *to let in school* for to open school, as the correlative to letting it out; *to back a letter* for to direct it; *to strip a buildingt* for to nail on strips or battens; *weather-board* for clap-board; an *outside* for a slab; *slab* for a piece of wood rived thin four or five feet long, serving as a shingle or as a fence paling, the word *paling* signifying a single picket. A fence is sometimes called a *walling*; a *running fence* is one in which the planks are attached horizontally to the posts; a *panel* is the section of a fence between two adjacent posts or one length of rails of a worm fence; *to lay the worm* of a zigzag fence is to arrange the lowest course of rails on the ground.

To ask *how much* an article is would not generally be understood to refer to its price, but to the size or quantity of it.

Which is sometimes almost equivalent to whereupon. "All ov em is marrid except Ginerall B., *whitch* he has promist me when I cum down agin to make a visit with me to Racket Holler to see the girls."

The judge or solicitor of a migratory court is said to *ride* his district. A clergyman is said to *hold* a revival, to *have* a baptizing, and to *preach* a funeral. The first act of new converts is to *profess*. A wedding entertainment is an *infare*.

Among the constellations are *the Gatest*, *Peter's Plow-Hoet*, *Job's Coffin* (the Dolphin), and the *Ellenyards* (Orion), supposed to be a corruption of *L and yard*. An hour *by sun* is an hour after sunrise or before sunset; *sun-up* is used for sunrise; *soon* for early, as I rose soon this morning; the *evening* begins at noon or dinner-time, and ends at dusk, after which it is night. Pleasant weather is called *pretty weather*; a rainy or snowy time is *falling weather*; clearing up is called *fairing off*. A *season* is a time when the rain wets the ground sufficiently for plants to be set out, though the farmer is sometimes said to make a season with his watering-pot.

From the gardeners we hear of *collards*, *cymplings*, *butter beans* for Lima beans, *snaps* for string beans, *ground peas*, *goober peas* or *goobers* for peanuts, *roasen* (roasting) *ears* for green corn, *greens* for boiled cabbage or collards, *sallet* (salad) for boiled turnip-tops, mustard, etc., *creasyt* (no plural) for cress, *baydases*, *moodases*, and *shipcrackst* for kinds of sweet potatoes which originated from Barbadoes and Bermuda and which were taken from a wrecked ship, *English grapes* for Isabellas and other cultivated grapes, *Eng-*

lish currants to distinguish the cultivated fruit from a wild shrub, *English or garden peas* to distinguish common peas from *cow-peas* or *cornfield peas*, which are really a kind of bean; *pressest* or pressed peaches or plum-peaches for cling-stones. Fruit trees are said to *hit* in those years when the crop is full.

Potato draws are the sweet-potato sprouts which are drawn for planting out of the bed where the seed potatoes have been buried; *grabbling* is taking out the large potatoes from a hill by hand, leaving the others to grow. *Chopping cotton* is hoeing it so as to thin out the overcrowded rows; the plants which are then left standing are called the *stands*; the crop is said to be *pitched* when planted, and *laid by* when the work of its cultivation is over; and it requires no more care till picking time. *Rough feed* is the coarser kinds of food for stock, as fodder, shucks, or hay in contrast with corn and oats; *lightwood* (the *w* is usually silent, and the last syllable sometimes pronounced *urd*) is the heart-wood of pine, which by the checking of its growth has become very resinous; *doting-hearted* or *doty* wood is wood partly decayed; *wind-shaken*, used primarily of trees, is applied also to persons who are a little cracked; *stob* (for stub?), a peg driven into the ground (to *stob* is to stab); *glut*, a large wooden wedge for splitting logs; *blue stone*; blue vitriol; *second-low-grounds*, low grounds just too high to be overflowed by the stream; *ridge-land*, land on a ridge. The size of a farm is often indicated by the number of horses required to tend it, as a *one-horse* or *two-horse* farm.

A *fice*, a *ficed*, or a *fowstt dog* is a cur; a *yard-dog* is one used to guard a house-yard; a Newfoundland is sometimes called a Newfounder. The meaning of *crap-critter* is illustrated by a dialogue reported as occurring in the office of the Raleigh Provost-Marshal just after the war. "I want nothing from you," said the old lady, "but my crap-critter that was stole Thursday's a week ago by your thievish soldiers." "Well, madam, if you will tell me what a crap-critter is, and where I am to look for it, I will do my best to have it restored to you, whatever it may be." "Where are you to look for it? Why, look in your own cattle-pens, where you won't find much that hain't been stole." "Ah, I understand now: it's a cow that you've lost; can you identify it?" "Lord sakes, who but a Yankee ever heard tell o' tending of a crap with a cow! It's a mule, man, that I'm arter, not a cow."

Among common domestic words are *fire-dogs*, *fire-room* for a room containing a fire-place, *garden-house*, *hippings* (diapers), *to suckle* (to nurse is not in use as its euphemism), the *crawling* of children and the *creeping* of worms, *gummery* for camphor, *bleaching* for bleached cotton cloth, *Norrad spin* for cotton cloth made at the North, *spun cotton* or knitting cotton for cotton yarn, as a *coat* for a woman's dress and *under coat* for petticoat, *to dip snuff*, *to whip* as a general term for overcasting instead of for one particular kind of it, *a turn* for an armful, *to smut* for to crock; *trash*, applied to things that are small as well as worthless, as the chaff and dust that are blown upon uncovered meat and butter in the market, so that *poor white trash* is a very contemptuous epithet.

The usual *oven* is an iron pot to be placed in the middle of the fire, with a cast-iron cover having a raised rim to hold fire-coals upon it. A platter is called a *flat*, sometimes a dish. Everything which Yankees call a pail is here known as a *bucket*. The *pail* is a kind of tub with one of the staves projecting above the others for a handle; the *piggin* is of the same shape, but rather smaller; the clause "used as a dipper" in Webster's definition may give a wrong idea of its size, for it holds about as much as a well-bucket. The *noggin* is smaller, holding about three quarts, has no handle and has upright sides, while the pail and the piggin spread upwards a little; it is used as a dish-tub, hand-basin, etc.

Meat is always bacon, except that pork is sometimes called fresh meat. A butcher while offering you beef and mutton will refer you for meat to the grocer's; and a man who had just breakfasted on chicken and steak remarked to me that he had not eaten a mouthful of meat for a month. *Clear-rib* side is a side of bacon from which the backbone has been cut off so that the ribs are clear of it. *Kettlings* are intestines which are soaked a good while in a kettle to prepare for cooking. *Cracklings* are scraps, that is, bits of pork from which the lard has been tried. All fat used in cooking is called *grease*.

Light-bread is the ordinary raised bread of the North, which is little used in comparison with biscuit. The word *leaven* is used in its old meaning; *rising* is an occasional term for yeast, and *sots* is recognized as a Virginia equivalent. *Soaking* is the final process in baking when the centre of the loaf hardens. Bread which is soaked is thoroughly done, as if the heat had soaked into it. A *pone* is primarily a kind of corn-cake, such as Webster defines it, but the word is also used for any loaf, and even the clay moulded for a brick is called a pone.

FISK P. BREWER.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., JAN., 1873.

Notes.

THE 'Gazetteer' lately published by Geo. P. Rowell & Co. is, like their 'American Newspaper Directory,' an honest and useful compilation, mostly from original material procured at no little pains. It gives "a statement of the industries, characteristics, population, and location of all towns in the United States and British America in which newspapers are published." The entries in each case are very brief and to the point.—No. 41 of the Berlin Geographical Society's *Journal* is almost wholly taken up with Dr. Schweinfurth's diary of his journey to the Niam-Niam and Mombutu, 1870; and an excellent map, drawn by the traveller himself, is appended, showing the Nile tributaries from the Bahr-el-Arab southward to the Welle—the stream which is fatal to the supposed connection between these tributaries and the Lualaba. This map, embracing the country to 3° N. latitude, lacks but a few degrees of being continuous with the map of the Livingstone-Stanley explorations which accompanies Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for January. In this number the objections to the Lualaba's flowing into the Albert Nyanza—objections derived from Dr. Livingstone's own narrative—are stated.—The Proceedings of the Fourth Annual Session of the American Philological Association (at Providence, last July) have been published in the usual abstract form, and will be found equal in interest to those of former meetings. A very wise and practical step was taken by the Association in establishing a Section of Linguistic Pedagogics, which will give all its attention to the improvement of the present modes of teaching languages, and whose decisions on text-books, pronunciation, etc., etc., will naturally have a good deal of weight. Mr. Lewis H. Morgan's paper on "Australian Kinship," briefly alluded to here, appears in full in the eighth volume of the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and has also been separately printed as a pamphlet extract. It should be read by every student of Darwinism, of anthropology, and, we may add, of American socialism. The Oneida Community might take as the text of its evening conversations this sentence from Mr. Morgan's summing up: "In the light of this discussion some of the excrescences of modern civilization, such as free-love and Mormonism, are seen to be relics of the old savagism not yet eradicated from the human brain." We do not confound the Community with the free-lovers, though we incline to class them among the "excrescences" and "relics."—The London *Bookseller* mentions the Baltimore *American's* entrance on its hundredth anniversary as "a piece of antiquity which, we believe, is unparalleled in the States." This is not quite the case. The Newport *Mercury* was at least 110 years old last year, and we are under the impression that one or two other papers in New England have outlived a century.—Shepard & Gill, Boston, announce: 'Against the World,' by Miss J. R. Hademann; 'The Life of Franz Schubert,' by Geo. L. Austin; a new edition of 'Seventy-five Popular Flowers,' by E. S. Rand, jr., and a large-paper edition, limited to twenty copies, of 'Bulbs,' by the same author; De Quincey's works in two editions; 'Another World,' by "Hermes"; and 'Tom Cringle's Log,' by Michael Scott.

—A greater loss than will be apparent to most readers American literature of the lighter kind has suffered in the death of Miss Caroline Chesebro. She was born in this State, we believe, and at the time of her death must have passed middle life, unless, indeed, she began publishing stories and sketches at an unusually early age, for we find her mentioned as a contributor to the magazines of 1848. With these first productions we are not acquainted; but judging them by Miss Chesebro's later works, they must have been decidedly superior to the common run of magazine stories. She never, so far as we have known her, descended to manufacturing wares after a pattern with which she had happened once to please the public, but always gave evidence of conscientiousness, and seemed to work as if persuaded that what she was writing was worth writing, and ought to be written with painstaking. Any one may see this who will look at her most important book, 'The Foe in the Household.' Few American novels equal its careful picture of "Father" Trost, the itinerant preacher, and of the Meannomite "bishop" whom Trost cannot but respect, but for whose creed he has a rigid hatred, half of the sincere *odium-theologicum* variety, half of the pettier kind bred by rivalry. Very good, too, is the conception of one particular cause, and one particular result, of this hatred: Trost's privity to the marriage between the "bishop's" daughter and one of "the world's people," when her vows bound her not to marry, and then his withholding from her the certificate of marriage, and long years afterwards, when she had become the saintly wife of the new bishop, his preaching bitterly against the hypocrisy and concealed sins of the obnoxious sect. Praise will also be given to the portraiture of the young man whom the "bishop's" adopted

daughter at first loves, but afterwards finds unworthy; and of the local coloring, also, there will be praise, we imagine, from those whose knowledge qualifies them to speak. That appearance of care and conscientiousness which we have mentioned, and the reader's impression of freshness and power in the writer, may probably be due in part to the fact not only that Miss Chesebro had a natural unwillingness to do hackneyed work, but that the bent of her mind was towards the examination of developments of feeling somewhat morbid, and towards problems of life and conduct which are extremely rare, and thus—happily for the novelist, and not less happily for the rest of mankind—are unfamiliar though not inconceivable. Better than by trying to describe this aspect of Miss Chesebro's works, we can illustrate our meaning by saying that as a novelist she was of kin to a better known anatomist of rather abnormal psychology—Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. We do not recollect, however, that any of Miss Chesebro's writings fill one with anything like the same degree of that desire with which a novel by Mrs. Davis is apt to inspire one—the desire to inform the men and women figuring in it that, whatever they may think, they are wilfully pining in a dungeon very like that in which Mr. Artemus Ward's friend pined once for fourteen years or more, until one morning it occurred to him to open the window and walk out. And we may add, too, that we recollect none of Miss Chesebro's stories which will not nourish elevation of feeling. Distorted views of life and duty she doubtless may often be found setting forth; but one is not impressed as by the spectacle of torments to little end, or of self-tormentors who "enjoy ill-health." Let 'Dallas Galbraith' be compared with 'The Foe in the Household,' and the contrast of which we speak will not fail to be felt.

—Since our last summary, the number of new English works deserving attention has grown considerably. Beginning with the lighter reading, we have in travel and adventure: 'Slave Catching in the Indian Ocean: a Record of Naval Experiences'; 'Dhow Chasing on the East Coast of Africa,' by Captain George L. Sullivan, R.N.; 'Travels in the Eastern Caucasus, Persia, Turkey, etc.,' by Gen. Sir Arthur Cunyngame; 'Journey through the Caucasus and the Interior of Persia,' by Augustus H. Mounsey; a new edition of the late Captain John Wood's 'Journey to the Source of the River Oxus,' with an essay on the Valley of the Oxus, by Colonel Henry Yule; 'Spain and its People'; 'A Tour with Cook through Spain,' by John B. Stone—with photographs; 'A Winter in Morocco,' by Amelia Perrier; 'A Sail to Smyrna,' by Mrs. Baillie; 'From the Thames to the Tamar: a Summer on the South Coast of England,' by Rev. A. G. L'Estrange; 'Eleven Years in Central Africa,' by Thomas M. Thomas; 'To the Cape for Diamonds'; 'The Great Lone Land,' by Captain W. F. Butler; 'Field and Forest: Rambles of a Naturalist in New Brunswick,' by Dr. A. Leith Adams; 'The Arctic Regions,' by William Bradford; 'A Voyage to Spitzbergen,' by Captain Wells; 'Tent Life in Norway,' by Hubert Smith; 'Walks in Florence,' by Susan and Joanna Horner; 'Australia and New Zealand,' by Anthony Trollope.

—Among historical works, as seasonable as any is Vámbéry's 'History of Bokhara, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time,' from Oriental manuscripts. We note besides: 'A History of Greece,' by Geo. W. Cox, from original authorities; a translation of Jules Favre's 'Government of the National Defence'; 'History of Two Queens—Catherine of Aragon, and Anne Boleyn,' by W. Hepworth Dixon. In biography, we may give the first place to Mr. Geo. H. Lewes' 'Story of Goethe's Life,' adding the following titles: 'Life and Character of Erasmus,' by Robert B. Drummond; 'Holbein and his Times,' translated by Miss Bunnétt; 'Personal Recollections, from Early Life to Old Age,' by the late Mrs. Mary Somerville; 'Mémoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge'; 'Political Women,' by Sutherland Menzies; 'Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed,' by Syed Ameer Ali; 'A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography, from the Times of the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne,' by Dr. Wm. Smith; 'Lives of the Scottish Saints,' compiled prior to the fourteenth century, and a 'Life of St. Columba,' translated from the edition of Adamnan's Life. Mr. James Fitzjames Stephen's striking contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' are to be published in book-form under the same title. In connection with it may be classed 'The Social Growth of the Nineteenth Century,' by F. R. Statham, and perhaps Owen Meredith's 'Fables for the Nineteenth Century.' Less general is the subject of 'An English Code: its Difficulties, and the Modes of Overcoming Them,' by Prof. Sheldon Amos. 'Unorthodox London'; 'Clubs and Club Life in London,' by J. Timbs; 'Memorials of Liverpool, Historical and Topographical,' by J. A. Pictou, should be interesting reading; and as such also may safely be recommended 'Russian Folk Tales,' by W. R. S. Ralston; 'Arabian Stories and Legends,' translated by Mrs. Godfrey Clerk; and 'Tales Old and New,' by the author of 'Mile Mori.' For art we may turn to 'Modern Gothic

Architecture,' by T. G. Jackson; 'Studies in the History of the Renaissance,' by W. H. Pater; and for art of a very curious and original kind, to 'Grotesque Animals,' invented, described, and portrayed by E. W. Cooke, R.A. Our science list is brief but select: Professor Tyndall's 'American Lectures'; 'Critiques and Addresses,' by Prof. Huxley; and 'Illustrations of the Power of Speech in Persons said to have been Deprived of their Tongues,' by the Hon. Edward Twisleton. Students of Shakespeare will read with profit Mr. R. G. Latham's 'Two Dissertations on the Hamlet of Saxo Grammaticus and Shakespeare.'

—The most noticeable thing in the second volume of Forster's 'Life of Dickens,' and almost the only amusing thing in that tedious volume, is the story about an incident which occurred at the funeral of William Hone. Or, we should say, rather, an incident which did not occur, for Mr. Forster's story, which he says he has often heard Dickens tell, appears to be a story of the kind that may be described as being, in great part, the fruit of the mahogany tree. Mr. Cruikshank has come out in print with a denial; so has a friend of Mr. Binney, the clergyman who figures in it; and now a book reviewer, writing in the *British Quarterly*, says of it that "he has fortuitously been able to test the accuracy of this story by the testimony of five persons, two of them members of Mr. Hone's family, and they all assert that it is entirely untrue, both in minor incident and in spirit." It was originally written to the late President Felton, although afterwards often related by Dickens, and, as Mr. Forster avers, with Cruikshank sitting by and admitting that it was "perfectly true." It runs as follows:

"We went into a little parlor where the funeral party was, and God knows it was miserable enough, for the widow and three children were crying bitterly in one corner, and the other mourners (mere people of ceremony, who cared no more for the dead man than the hearse did) were talking quite coolly and carelessly together in another; and the contrast was as painful and distressing as anything I ever saw. There was an independent clergyman present, with his hands on and a Bible under his arm, who, as soon as we were seated, addressed C. thus in a loud, emphatic voice—"Mr. C., have you seen a paragraph respecting our departed friend, which has gone the rounds of the morning papers?" "Yes, sir," says C., "I have"; looking very hard at me the while; for he had told me with some pride coming down that it was his composition. "Oh," said the clergyman, "then you will agree with me, Mr. C., that it is not only an insult to me, who am the servant of the Almighty, but an insult to the Almighty, whose servant I am." "How is that, sir?" says C. "It is stated, Mr. C., in that paragraph," says the minister, "that when Mr. Hone failed in business as a bookseller, he was persuaded by me to try the pulpit; which is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray." With which, and in the same breath, I give you my word, he knelt down, as we all did, and began a very miserable jumble of an extemporary prayer. I was really penetrated with sorrow for the family, but when C., upon his knees and sobbing for the loss of an old friend, whispered me, "that if that wasn't a clergyman and it wasn't a funeral he'd have punched his head," I felt as if nothing but convulsions could possibly relieve me."

—This, no doubt, made a very effective after-dinner story, and often did good service in Dickens's hands, but it now appears that Mr. Binney never wore bands; that he had no Bible under his arm, but used the family Bible which lay upon a table; that Cruikshank did not kneel beside Dickens, and that the fireplace was between them; that no one who ever heard Mr. Binney pray will ever believe that he could offer in the presence of his friend's afflicted family any such prayer as the story attributes to him; that "a paragraph respecting our departed friend," which Cruikshank had "with some pride" owned as of his composition, was not of his composition, but, as he stated at the time, was added without his knowledge or consent to a brief memoir of Mr. Hone which he had prepared, and which contained nothing offensive; and finally that the prayer did not, as the story asserted that it did, follow indecorously close upon the conversation, for before prayer was offered there was reading from the Scriptures, "so that if the conversation and the prayer were in the same breath the breath was a very long one." That Mr. Cruikshank, and the friends of Mr. Binney, and Mr. Hone's relatives, and those friends of his who were present (as "mere people of ceremony"), should all be indignant at the tale which Mr. Forster has published, is not surprising; but one may well enough be surprised at his maladroitness and want of consideration for the feelings of others. Dickens perhaps had the excuse of having embellished the story for the purpose of teasing Cruikshank; and perhaps his letter to Mr. Felton was written after the embellishing had been done; and in any case he was first of all a born caricaturist, who always let his faculty of caricature run away with him and make any wild work it liked. But as against biographers writing in cold blood, and setting up living people in a sort of pillory, all men, even independent ministers, have rights to be respected, and this Mr. Forster appears to forget oftener than is to his own credit or that of his biography. Already he has needlessly offended some dozen or more persons by his undue deference to Dickens and himself, and his carelessness of the feelings and interests of

others; and he has before him several passages in the life of his hero where circumspection in this regard will be very necessary.

—A new edition (the third, 1871) of Gneist's 'Self-Government, Communalverfassung und Verwaltungsgerichte in England' affords an opportunity of calling attention to the only work which undertakes a complete systematic view of English institutions from a historical point of view. Characteristically enough it is a German that has done this invaluable service for the English. The author justly complains of the piecemeal character of the work done by the English in this field, and points out that it is for a lack of comprehensive knowledge of their own institutions that they have suffered their legislation and their administrative practices to run into such a mass of heterogeneous and contradictory detail. The state of things visible at the present day—the disintegration of communal life and complete transformation of the fundamental institutions of self-government—he attributes mainly to their neglect of the historical development of these institutions. A prominent feature of the book is the connection of the early English institutions with the primitive institutions of the Germans. The study which it urges of the historical development of institutions is no less necessary here than in England—whether or not it is possible to arrest this disintegration, or to turn it in a more healthy direction. We may, at any rate, well ponder the assertion that never, from the Middle Ages to the Reform Bill of 1832, were political rights granted that did not carry with them personal obligations. As Dr. Gneist himself points out, it is the new activity and altered relations of industry that have largely wrought the change in question. Apart from the history here traced, the book contains a very complete view of the actual working of the popular side of the English Constitution.

THE POEMS OF HENRY TIMROD.*

TO such readers as have looked into any collection of Southern war poetry, the name of Mr. Henry Timrod is probably as well known as that of any Southern poet of his time. And such readers as recollect him with any distinctness will probably recollect him as a writer of pieces which, in more cultivated and polished verse than that of most of our war poets, Northern or Southern, expressed a rather more civilized and polished degree of "sectional feeling" than was usual in our war poetry, and especially in the war poetry produced in Mr. Timrod's part of the country. His verses show him to have been as well convinced of the justice of the Southern cause as were any of his contemporaries; as patriotic and as confident of success. But although he once predicts that grass will grow in the streets of New York, and several times stigmatizes the Northern soldier as a Hun and a Goth, and a "ruffian foe," he does such things less frequently than most other writers of his political creed; and nowhere, we believe, does he exhibit that indiscriminate bloodthirstiness of reprobation and disgust, the apparently sincere expression of which used to cause a good deal of sincere surprise among Northern people, and which, even to a good part of the Southern public itself, must, we imagine, have now and again caused the writing of its poets to seem fatiguing. Unless, indeed, there was a tacit understanding between poet and public that much of the verbal intensity of the poetry was conventional and rhetorical, rather than to be taken as the language of affidavits. Some such understanding there must have been, one would say, when one reads many of the appeals and denunciations of those unhappy days now, let us thank heaven, so remote and so much forgotten. That not very much of this tacit understanding was demanded in the case of Mr. Timrod, will be seen when we say that the following verses fairly represent his patriotic fervor in behalf of South Carolina and against the National Government. A long way, indeed, he comes behind most of the lyrical assailants of the Federal ravishers and robbers of 1861; and as for the poetical quality of the verses, we recall very little of our war poetry which can be said to excel them, the quotability of the fourth quatrain being alone sufficient to secure for Mr. Timrod a certain eminence in this not very exacting competition:

"The despot roves your fairest lands;
And till he flies or fears,
Your fields must grow but armed bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain!

"Come, with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wield the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that d livers its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might b ain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn."

Similar in tone to this "Cry to Arms" is "Carolina," "a Tyrtæan strain indeed," remarks Mr. Timrod's biographer, and "destined perhaps to outlive the political vitality of the State whose antique fame they celebrate." "I read them first," he continues, in language which may be taken as fairly representative of his editorial work of criticism and biography, "and was thrilled by their power and pathos, upon a stormy March evening in Fort Sumter! Walking along the battlements under the red light of a tempestuous sunset, the wind steadily and loudly blowing from off the bar across the tossing and moaning waste of waters, driven inland; with scores of gulls and white sea-birds flying and shrieking round me;—these wild voices of Nature mingled strangely with the rhythmic roll and beat of the poet's impassioned music." Then follows a citation which will be accepted as evidence that most readers outside of South Carolina need pay but little attention to Mr. Timrod's war poetry, cleverly turned though it is, and well as it doubtless served its purpose at the time when it was written. The stanzas cited are these, and "the very spirit, or dark genius, of the troubled scene," says Mr. Hayne, "appeared to take them up and repeat them":

"I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
"And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
"Shout! let it reach the startled flanks!
And roar with all thy festal gaus!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!"

As war pieces of a gentler mood, of a less obvious and commonplace character, and of truer poetical merit, we may mention "The Cotton Boll" and "Ethnogenesis," while "The Unknown Dead," which is as obvious and commonplace as the unmarked graves themselves, and "The Two Armies," which is as obvious and commonplace as the self-devotion and high spirit of the women who helped the war on the one side or the other, will be appreciated and approved by very many readers for a long time to come.

It would, however, be an injustice to Mr. Timrod to test his ability as a poet by the lyrics extorted from him by a savage commotion, for partaking in which his sensitive nature entirely unfitted him. To quote again the peculiar language of his biographer: "Out of the reflux tides of blood, from under the smoke of conflict, and the sickening fumes of slaughter" (into which he had gone as a correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury*), "he staggered homeward, half blinded, bewildered, with a dull red mist before his eyes, and a shuddering horror at his heart." It is made manifest in his poems that his heart was not in the contest, and that his intellectual content and happiness were bound up in the prosecution of his studies and literary employments. A great contrast is at once visible if we turn from the "Carolinas" and the "Cries to Arms," and other such things, to the poem which Mr. Hayne has very judiciously placed at the beginning of the volume. Considering how graceful it is, and how pretty in all ways, whether we think of the occasion that called it out, of the tenderness of the sentiment, of the happiness expressed, or of the adequate and skilful method of expression, we shall be inclined to give this poem a high place in such recent minor poetry as really deserves to be called poetical throughout, in feeling, form, and texture. We quote a few lines. We may premise that such of the little happiness as our author appears to have experienced, apart from his delight in his much loved poetical pursuits, he experienced in his attachment for an English lady whom he afterwards married:

KATIE.

"It may be thr ough some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm o' face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her fr m her childhood's home,
By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creed and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell—but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle whose twilight skies
No darker are than Kat e's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still!
"I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or thou led to life beneath her tread,
An English coxswain lit his head;
And as to d her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!
I roam with her through field of cane,
And seem to stroll in English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills, the path betwixt
Is golden green, or purple heath;
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,

* The Poems of Henry Timrod. Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by Paul H. Hayne. New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1873.

Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by:
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious strain
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the dawning woods rejoice
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale!"

Perhaps still prettier, with its delicately-turned compliment and playful tenderness, is the "Dedication," addressed to the same lady.

We have spoken of the ill-fortune experienced by Mr. Timrod. It was, in general, such as follows men of poetical temperament and poetical susceptibility, but without a poetical ability quite correspondent, who, born to poverty, are compelled to answer the harsh and unwelcome requirements of a practical life. Moreover, Mr. Timrod had to face these in a community whose cultivation was not only insufficient to appreciate and reward literary labors, but also, what is worse, was insufficient to ensure anything but a very crude and superficial culture to such of its members as desired it and had a natural aptitude for acquiring it. Add to all this that Mr. Timrod was a victim of consumption, of which disease he died at less than forty years of age, and that his last days were embittered by the dire poverty which, at the close of the war, inflicted such suffering on so many Southern families, and which left him stripped to the bone. It is a distressing story as Mr. Hayne tells it, and we bespeak for the enterprise of publishing this volume in the wealthy Northern market the consideration of all our readers who buy books of poetry. In this book they will not make the acquaintance of a great poet, but they will make the acquaintance of one who, amid some cheap and some imitative strains, and some that may jar on Northern ears unless the reader will make a little allowance, will give them some genuine and pleasing music.

LAUGEL'S NOTES OF TRAVEL.*

WE have always considered the observations of an intelligent traveller worth recording, even when his experience is confined to the beaten track and repeats that of innumerable others. We find something eternally fresh and delightful in all first impressions of foreign scenes, and we confess that the outpourings of even the most ingenuous tourists always strike in us a sympathetic chord. Of course these productions are very likely to be diffuse and trivial—to neglect the essential for the accidental, and to hold the minute detail so close to the eye as to conceal the general view. These are common faults with literary tourists; but M. Auguste Laugel, in his charming little volume on Italy and Bohemia, seems to us to have completely escaped them. His book is a model for travellers inclined to publish their "impressions." Brief, compact, rapid in style, and yet expansive enough to be occasionally very vivid and pictorial, it is equally free from idle detail on the one hand and pretentious generalization on the other. In the art of putting literary material into form the French certainly excel us, and M. Laugel's volume is a capital example of this accomplishment. He has selected, condensed, retouched, and harmonized with extreme taste and discretion, and the result is one of those infrequent performances in which every sentence counts and there is not a sentence too much. M. Laugel is a general observer; he appreciates and describes the picturesque aspect of things with as much force and point as if they were his especial study, and yet he constantly strikes the moral note, the note of reflection, with a felicity unusual in the devotees of the picturesque—especially in France, where these gentlemen are fond of passing for unbridled Pagans. Of the deeper thoughts—not all cheerful—suggested in Italy at every turn, he is a particularly eloquent interpreter. We have rarely found the moral impression of Naples, for instance, as happily defined as in the few lines in which he resumes it:

"Beneath this admirable sky, before this nature with its pure forms and solemn lines, this blue sea which nothing can pollute, lives a people without ideal, indifferent to the morrow, begging, crying, gesticulating, never still, whose religion is all in feasts and images, with no art, no country, debased by absolutism and servitude, with no gods but chance and force, vile, miserable, foul in its sensuality. Can liberty ever give back the least nobleness to this degenerate race? So long as the *frutti di mare* are cheap on the quay of Santa Lucia, so long as the *improvisatori* are there to entertain them, as there are jugglers and tumblers to make them laugh, a sun to dry their rags, music, processions, and feasts to amuse them—do they need anything more? Their life is a long laugh, a perpetual grin. From the windows of the convent of San Martino, which overhangs the city from such a height, you hear the deafening hum of this shrill street life, tumultuous as the sound of a powerful tide. The great line stretches round the vast gulf; the houses are hung upon the rocks, among *cacti*, oranges, and aloes; you must raise your eyes to the summits of Vesuvius and to the highest crests of the Somma to find a space that man has respected. And yet, go down from these heights

through the crooked streets which slope away in every direction, and in this large city you will not find a corner, an asylum, a church, a palace, a work to arrest your eyes—not one that reflects in its forms and lines the admirable splendor of this beautiful sky and of this nature eternally young and fair. . . . Naples is not, like Venice, Florence, and Rome, one of the cities of the soul. You are too constantly deafened; reverie and contemplation are perpetually interrupted; you must get out on the bay or shut yourself up with the silent company of the statues; you cannot live in the past; you are too much jostled; you are overcome by the continual fever, the sterile activity, the indefatigable and idle curiosity which stir so many thousand beings."

Of Venice, too, of which everything would seem to have been said, M. Laugel says excellent things, and at the close of his chapter some very pretty ones, for which we must refer the reader to his book. Of Rome his enjoyment is keen, and his notes have many happy descriptive touches. No reader who has stood in St. Peter's but will feel how exactly the author renders, in its finer points, the sensuous impression of the place:

"I came in with my mind full of distrust of Bernini, on the defensive; I felt myself disarmed by so much spaciousness, by this unheard of luxury, which yet looks natural and does not weary you. Brutal size here acts as an aesthetic element; the immensity envelops details, melts them, drowns them; the light plays on the fine gilded cornices, on the multicolored marbles; it comes down through the azure, as it were, of the high dome, where the saints and angels are sitting in their motionless rings; it sparkles on the gold embroideries which twine about the bronze columns of the great altar; it flashes back from the immense glory which shines like a sun in the depth of the choir. The marble pavement, without a bench or chair to disturb its perspective, stretches away like a great lake. You take pleasure, without knowing why, in this vastness, in this order so obvious, in spite of the profusion of ornaments. Immensity produces here not the impression of terror, but a sort of contentment which makes you indulgent for all the pretentious tombs, the gigantic smirking attitudinizing saints of either sex, the white marble draperies twisted and blown by the impertinent wind that comes from nowhere, for the angels thrust into every corner—cupids of Christianity! The luxury is all so ample, so grandiose, so joyous! The sun comes in by the broad openings, and its rays, glancing back in every direction from polished angles, glittering mouldings, precious stones, and the gold of the mosaics, forms a sort of aureole which seems to lift and sustain the immense pillars and the colossal vaults. This formidable luxury, which exceeds all private or princely fortunes, has nothing which shocks or astonishes; you feel here none of the terrors and the sublime anxieties of Gothic art; you are far, too, from the robust and sombre simplicity of the basilicas; you assist at the definitive triumph of Catholicism—at its apotheosis."

The longest section is devoted to Sicily, where we are unable to compare impressions with the author. But this picture of the beauty and the misery of this once imperial island, its shrines and temples, its mountains and sea, its almost cruelly smiling nature, and its helpless and hopeless humanity, is forcible enough to beguile us into a half-sense of knowledge. His whole account of the ruined temples is admirable; it is that at once of an artist and a scholar. The author's errand in Bohemia was to visit the battlefields of the Seven Weeks' War—in distinguished company; that of the Orleans princes. We have sometimes fancied our intellect impenetrable to all allusions to military movements; but we have almost understood M. Laugel's. The tone of the whole book is grave, we might almost say melancholy. The reader may judge by the closing paragraph, suggested by a glance at some of the great Frederic's scenes of victory:

"And yet for what strange heroes history works! Providence, the unknown God, has taken for his representative the old King of Prussia, and given a revolutionary task to a born enemy of the Revolution! What a jest is history, if you look only at the outside—at the stage-setting! But there is a secret, terrible force which sets in motion all the gods and demi-gods of the earth; an unconscious force tending as a still more unconscious force drives it; history is an ordered succession of chances; it moves always towards something necessary; it uses everything, tribunes and kings, monarchies and republics, barbarism and civilization. Whither is it leading us? Whither is aged, worn-out Europe going? Whither our Latin races? Whither France, so vile and so charming, so cunning and so easy to cheat, so full of hatred and of sweetness, so brave and timid, so unjust to those who have loved her, so generous to those who have injured; insane nation, loved and hated, sole of her kind, who may be vanquished but not equalled, mastered but not subdued, who bids defiance to all measurement by the suppleness of her elusive and ungoverned genius? She is not only inconstant; she is tormented with a sort of perverse logic, which demonstrates to her the falsity of all things. Between all things and herself she places her mocking doubt and her incurable irony."

GROTE'S ARISTOTLE.*

IT has long been a dictum among scholars and metaphysicians that every man is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. This is about equivalent to saying, after a rough popular way, that in every man of thought either the imaginative or the reasoning faculties predominate. Not, of course, to the point of reciprocal exclusion; for Plato had no small reasoning power, and Aristotle composed what may be called works of imagination, namely,

* *Italie, Sicile, Bohême: Notes de Voyage. Par Auguste Laugel.* Paris: Henri Plon; New York: F. W. Christern.

* *Aristotle. By George Grote. Edited by Alexander Bain and G. Croom Robertson.* London: John Murray. 1872.

his Dialogues, which had much reputation in their day; unfortunately, none of them have come down to us. Mr. Grote himself, though obviously an Aristotelian, had taken great interest in Plato, and written very well about him. Hence, as the historian's mind was evidently of the Aristotelian cast, greater expectations were formed of his promised work on the Stagirite, and great was the disappointment when his death left the work unfinished—unfinished, too, in those very parts where, as the editors say, "the field was specially his own": the ethics and politics. As the rhetoric was also not reached, what we have is chiefly psychological. The portions which relate to the logical and dialectic works are chiefly analyses, sometimes indeed what may almost be called a meagre synopsis. The chapter "De Animâ," etc. (originally published as a separate contribution to psychology in the third edition of Bain's 'Senses and Intellect'), is probably the most valuable, as it certainly is the most interesting. It will perhaps be news to some of our readers that Aristotle, unlike Plato, did not believe in the immortality of the human soul.

The regular course of the work is broken off in the midst of the physics and metaphysics. Mr. Grote has therefore only completed his commentary on the six logical treatises known under the collective title of the *Organon*. Besides these and the chapter "De Animâ," we have a long appendix, composed, to use the editors' own words, "of materials somewhat heterogeneous," namely, an "Essay on the Ancient Theories of Universals and the Doctrine of Realism" (republished from *apud* Bain); a criticism on a criticism of Sir William Hamilton's (also a reprint); a long abstract of six of the fourteen books of *Metaphysics*, and two of the books "De Celo"; a brief vindication of Epicurus; and a fragment on the Stoics. Altogether, the two volumes make up more than nine hundred pages, and will furnish a conscientious student with pretty stiff reading for some months, even supposing that he does not take the trouble of verifying the copious references to German and other authorities, or of consulting any more of the original text than he will find quoted in the foot-notes.

And now it may be asked, "Why all this labor of writer and reader? Why should we, at this day, concern ourselves about Aristotle, an old heathen who lived in the infancy of physical science? Suppose he did invent logic and metaphysics. Our positivists have exploded the latter, and a countless array of popular writers and speakers show how easy it is to get on without the former." The question is humiliating to answer, and yet we cannot close our eyes to the fact that similar charges of obsolescence and uselessness are constantly brought against our author, often in so many words, more often indirectly and by implication or assumption. Let us say, then, briefly, that Aristotle is a great landmark in the history of human intelligence. Socrates was the first man who taught men to think seriously; Aristotle was the first who taught them to think systematically and methodically. He devised the syllogism; and all the attempts made to disparage the value of this intellectual implement have ended in establishing its merits on a firmer basis. Take the best-known objection, that the syllogism does not help us to the discovery of new truths; it is much like finding fault with a judge because he has not made a new constitution. The main office of the syllogism is to detect falsehood, and its services in that field are not easily overrated. Then, as regards ontology and psychology, and all that may be summed up under the general head of metaphysics, a historical knowledge at least of these sciences, in their various developments, is necessary to protect us from much false philosophy, false theology, and spiritual quackery of all sorts. Like statistics, they will have a great negative value, however we may differ or doubt as to their positive utility.

Now, when we come to those writings of Aristotle which Mr. Grote unfortunately did not live to reach, we see the everyday, practical work of the man. We see that, heathen and slaveholder as he was, he knew more about human nature and the principles of government than many a Christian legislator and authority of our own day. Indeed, there are many points on which all our political experience seems to have set us but a very little way in advance of him, supposing there has been any advance at all. If this assertion appears strange to many, it is because few have much direct acquaintance with the author, and Aristotle is eminently one of those authors who might adopt the answer of the mariner in the Spanish ballad:

"Yo no digo esta cancion
Sino a quien conmigo va."

The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity. By J. H. Balfour Brown, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. (London: J. & A. Churchill.)—Upon a superficial reading, we were at first tempted to speak with some severity of certain deficiencies and faults in this book. Faults it certainly has—of baldness, obscurity, and involved style; of carelessness of gram-

mar and spelling; of a somewhat imperfect acquaintance with modern German researches in insanity. But these may well be forgiven, in consideration of the clear and sturdy common sense of the author. In the present position of the legal and the medical professions, each has often to ask help of the other; the medical man desires authority to employ restraint as a means of cure, while the prosecutor requests sanction for the infliction of pain as a means of protection to society. There is something unsatisfactory in the present position of both parties, as is very fairly acknowledged by our author. Physicians, from the nature of their calling, are perhaps apt to overestimate the amount of disease present in a community, and to underrate the mass of healthy, vigorous, self-recuperative life. And, accustomed as they are to regard insanity in the light of a disease, with which their first business is to get the patient under their control, they can scarcely be blamed for yielding to the insinuating temptation presented when an actual patient asks to be protected from the legal consequences of some burst of passion or some theft or fraud. But it is fully time for a change; and public sentiment, it is to be hoped, appreciates the danger of allowing the physician to take sides with the prosecution or the defence. The position of advocacy palpably unfits him for coolness of judgment; his gifts of forcible statement, of unflinching and unblushing adherence to truth (as he chooses to consider it), of popularizing medical "science" for the benefit of a popular audience—these gifts, impressive as they may be, ought never to be the openly acknowledged property of one side. We have the sympathy of a large body of the medical profession in making these statements. They feel the shame which attaches to them all, when one or another noted member of their order is accused of selling his testimony to the higher bidder. And it is time that the public were willing to add to the list of desired reforms another by which physicians should, as far as possible, be enabled in court to speak *ex cathedra scientiæ*; that they may be spared the double mortification of a conflict of opinions in the presence of ignorant umpires, and of occasional imputations of venality.

The position of lawyers and judges is accompanied with difficulties of another character, arising from the absurdities and incongruities of the principles which are supposed to govern them, but from which, with a commendable common sense, they are accustomed to depart in furtherance of the interests of justice. The author's views regarding the functions of the court are broad enough. On the one hand, he acknowledges "that, looked at in the light of modern science, the definition of what shall be regarded as insanity in criminal cases is eminently unsatisfactory" (p. 18). He states what to the lay mind appears a truism, but which, nevertheless, is not yet a part of the law—that legal responsibility implies not simply the knowledge of good and evil, but, combined with this knowledge, "the power to appreciate and be moved by the ordinary motives which influence the actions of mankind" (p. 21). His arguments are apparently based upon the assumption that every case must be judged upon its own merits; a most important doctrine, and one which goes some way to excuse the chaotic state of the law. But he states with startling clearness "that mental unsoundness is not incompatible with crime," and that "humane and well-devised punishment must follow all the misdemeanors of the morally insane"! Here are some refreshing words:

"We cannot get ordinary common-sense people to believe that every man steals just because he cannot help it, and that virtue is just as much a necessity of some organisms as the expiration of hydrogen is of others. No! Common-sense people are pig-headed, and think that if an ordinary man kicks you, and you thrash him in consequence, and give him to understand that the next time he raises his foot with a similar intent you will repeat the chastisement—these pig-headed common-sense folk have an idea that, in most cases, the individual's organism will not force him to raise his foot again."

In discussing Partial Moral Mania, a similar protest is made against the indiscriminate exemption from punishment in cases where an "irresistible impulse" is pleaded.

We are not disposed to find fault with the author's views; but it is proper to say that they suffer much from ill arrangement, and, to a casual reader, may now and then convey the impression of self-contradiction. Though striking and picturesque, his chapters will not quite answer as authority upon the purely medical aspects of the questions treated; nor are they probably intended to be read in that light. We miss, for example, all mention of Melancholia; it does not occur, even by name, in the two systems of classification he gives. But to thinking men, of all pursuits, this may be recommended as a fresh, independent and stimulating book.

Art Recreations. By Mme. L. B. Urbino, Prof. Henry Day, and others. (Boston: Shepard & Gill. 1873.)—George Eliot, describing showy humbug, compares it to old stucco ornaments that had gone out of style, and whose original material never was worth anything. The last charitable reflection

caused by this neat handbook, which has been substantially before the public since 1859, is, what an amount of painted dirt it must have accumulated in acres of peaceful houses. It has been the privy counsellor of that redoubtable being, the ingenious young person. We should not dare to undervalue this popular character, who presents her friends with glossy landscapes framed by herself, who is and ought to be the pride of the village, who leads its best intellects and supports its fancy fairs, whose hands are honorably stained with photography or pounce powder, and whose side of inconvenience is hardly known but to her own brothers. Our authors, who at once strongly kindle and assuage the creative thirst of such a nature, provide a manual excellent in its way, furnished with what we should think the best communicable rules for the mixture of colors; learned in wax, leather, and tin-foil, and stripping all its reserves from the specious mystery of varnish. They lift the pretty centre-table arts almost to the dignity of a science, while for all their elegant wares they have a severe and exact nomenclature. Thus we find that ornamenting your windows in imitation of stained glass is "Diaphanie"; tracing the outlines of ferns on paper with splashes of ink is "Linnæography"; the decoration of pots, perhaps from an imperfect view of the affliction of Job, is stigmatized as mania—"Déalcomanie" for crockery, "Potichomanie" for glass; stencilling flowers and butterflies with horn-paper patterns is "Theorem painting"; transferring the inky impression of an engraving to varnished glass is "Antique painting"; the brilliant signs executed in window-glass and pearl and gorgeousness, and often seen in barber shops, are specimens of "Oriental painting," and the patient recluses who make them must possess "ten thimbles, ten buttons, ten holes in a board, and a paint-stand"; laying on color at the back of a lacquered engraving is "Grecian painting." The author knows a connoisseur who thought he had a genuine Raphael, a Fornarina, judging of its correspondence with the touch of Raphael by the fact that "not a brush-mark was visible"; but the mischievous expert, who had done "Grecian painting" in England "when a boy," lifted up a corner and disclosed the engraving, with the effect of banishing Fornarina to the butler's room. This incident, we need not say, is but a testimony to the possible excellence of the Grecian mode of manipulating color. The writer is always an enthusiast, with the ability to infuse the wholesome ardor he feels into his descriptions. Some passages have the true Bernard Palissy ring: "Don't mind if the hot wax makes your fingers tingle; you want a beautiful bunch of grapes; pay for a thing and have it; we have dipped two hundred without stopping." Whether attaining grapes or other lofty aims, the moral force of that passage will serve as an inspiration.

The instruction in nearly all the crafts touched upon is plain and full; some are, however, more patiently described than others, and we think the girl who should have the daring thought to decorate a "cuspadore" for her lover in Permanent Painting, which is disposed of in a page and a half, might have some righteous cause of jealousy of the girl who succeeded in ornamenting for hers a slipper-case in Linnæography, by a sincere study of the two and a half pages here given to the art, and by the touching sacrifice of her tooth-brush and fine-tooth comb. There are unaccountable omissions, certainly, on the part of our usually assiduous guide. For instance, we do not observe any instruction in the pretty, malodorous industry dear to all lady-botanists, of divesting the pulp from natural leaves, and causing them to sit, like the famous sybarite of Sidney Smith, in their skeletons; nor do we find allusion to the neat trick of etching with fluorine acid on glassware, which is capable of so broad and artistic an application; nor to any of the easy modern ways of picture-manufacture by scratching on opaque varnishes and subsequent photography; nor, generally, we may say, to modes of decoration which do not call for the kind of stores kept for sale by the publishers. The work they give us has, however, the merits of a very good receipt-book, with directions written in a clear and orderly style. Its influence on the conduct of the ingenious person will be in the main beneficent, for it will keep her in the most harmless condition she is capable of, with her mind fixed on tried and attainable ends, instead of going out after devices of its own which will spoil good material and damp her hopefulness. The reissue is well thought of, and there are sixty pages of new and useful formulas.

Wanderings in Spain. By Augustus J. C. Hare. With seventeen illustrations. (New York: Dodd & Mead. 1873.)—In this volume Mr. Hare has not followed the plan that he adopted in his 'Walks in Rome,' which, the reader will remember, was a carefully selected compilation from the various writings of his predecessors, forming a volume of great value for any who thought of a journey to Rome either in the future or as a thing already done. One reason of his change of treatment may be that Spain is a country about which less has been written, so that there is still a chance to

write an interesting book of travels which shall not go over too familiar ground, although thereby he makes a much less valuable book. It is a pity that Spain should be still so little visited by most travelling Americans. The most common objections alleged are the frequent revolutions, and the expensiveness and discomfort of the trip; but any political observer can choose a peaceful time for his journey, and even if civil war should break out, the only way in which it would trouble him would be by disturbing the regularity of the trains. The expense is not excessive, and every one will feel himself amply repaid for the uncleanness of the hotels and the poorness of the food by what the country has to show him. Mr. Hare by no means conceals the discomforts for which every traveller in Spain must prepare himself, but he gives them no undue prominence. At the very beginning of his book we find the following account of what is by no means a rare occurrence in Spanish travel:

"The train crawls along in the most provoking way, stopping at all the small stations for two, ten, twenty minutes, and giving you ample time to survey the scenery. You feel impatient, but your Spanish companions are perfectly satisfied—'It is so much safer, so satisfactory never to have any accidents.' Time is of no importance to them whatever. 'One can smoke one's *cigarritos* as well in one place as another.' This *insouciance* was fully displayed when we reached the station of Alasua, where we were to change for Pamplona, and found our train had just been taken off by the Company, without any previous notice having been given to that effect. It was pitch dark, and from the pouring rain which had continued for several days, the wild country round was little better than a swamp, so the prospect of a whole day's detention was scarcely exhilarating; but finding our Spanish friends received the announcement with no greater expression of displeasure than a shrug of the shoulders, we thought it better to take it in the same way, and, as they said, to 'avoid the fatigue of discomposing ourselves.'"

Fortunately memory soon wipes out all that is disagreeable in such incidents, and how much there is left to compensate may be seen by any one who will read Mr. Hare's book. His journey was a completer one than is generally made by tourists, but even one who contents himself with less will find a great deal to delight him. Mr. Hare describes admirably the wonders of Granada, the interest of Seville and Cordova; but perhaps we might feel inclined to cavil at his silence about the grim mountain scenery around the way between Madrid and Andalusia, which is nearly the most striking in Europe. Hardly more than a page is devoted to the gallery at Madrid, one of the most interesting in the world, though it may be said that any guide-book will be of more service than the necessarily brief jottings of a traveller who merely tells the general impression made upon him, without any pretence to exhaustive mention. Hence, while Mr. Hare's book will be found interesting, it is far from being the last book that can be written about Spain. The illustrations are not praiseworthy additions to the book; especially is this true of the view of Cordova, and that of Gibraltar from Algeciras, both which are very unsatisfactory, while none deserves high praise.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.

Publishers.—Prices.

| | | |
|--|---------------------------------|---------|
| Bradbury (W. F.), Elementary Geometry and Trigonometry. | (Thompson, Bigelow & Brown) | |
| Buckle (H. T.), Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works, 3 vols. | (McLuer, Armstrong & Co.) | \$22 50 |
| Carpenter (Dr. W. B.), Unconscious Action of the Brain, and Epidemic Delusions, swd. | (Estes & Lauriat) | 0 25 |
| Clode (C. M.), Administration of Justice under Military and Marital Law. | (Scribner, Welford & Armstrong) | 6 00 |
| Favies (Rev. J.), Healed and Theognis. | (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) | 1 00 |
| De Mille (Prof. J.), An Open Question. | (D. Appleton & Co.) | |
| D'yle (J. E. P.), Far Heel Tales in Vernacular Verse. | (A. Poolady) | |
| Dupuy (Eliza A.), The Mysterious in st. | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 1 75 |
| Edwards (Mrs. A.), Philip Kearncliffe. | (Sheldon & Co.) | 1 75 |
| Froude (J. A.), Lectures on Ireland and Irishmen. | (J. A. McGee) | |
| Fraas (Dr. O.), Die alten Höhlenbewohner, swd. | (L. W. Schmidt) | |
| Geo. P. Howell & Co.'s Gazetteer. | (Geo. P. Howell & Co.) | |
| Fessing (R. J.), Life and Times of Philip Schuyler, 2 vols. | (H. H. Holt & Co.) | 1 75 |
| Martin (Francis), Angélique Arnauld. | (Macmillan & Co.) | |
| Nacled (H. D.), Principles of Ecological Philosophy. | (Longmans) | |
| My Ideal Friends and their Relation to Modern Thought. | (C. A. H. Soc.) | 1 50 |
| Practical Magazine, January, 1873, swd. | (J. R. Osgood & Co.) | |
| Pfeiderer (Dr.), Theorie des Aberglaubens, swd. | (L. W. Schmidt) | |
| Ray (T. L.), Contributions to Mental Pathology. | (Little, Brown & Co.) | |
| Root (Prof. O. N.), Mysteries of the Voice and Ear, swd. | (C. C. Chatfield & Co.) | |
| Smedley (F. K.), Lewis Arundel, swd. | (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) | 1 00 |
| " " Tom Raquet, swd. | " " " | " |
| Srieler (A.), Hand-Atlas, Part II, swd. | (L. W. Schmidt) | 0 65 |
| The Workshop, No. 1, swd. | (E. Seigrist) | 0 40 |
| Thaer (Dr.), Ueber ländliche Arbeiter-Wohnungen, swd. | (L. W. Schmidt) | |
| Times and Places; or, our History. | (Trübner & Co.) | |
| Tribune Almanac for 1873, swd. | (New York) | 0 20 |
| Tuke (Dr. D. H.), Influence of the Mind upon the Body. | (H. C. Lea) | |
| Turgenev (I. S.), On the Eve. | (Holt & Williams) | 1 25 |
| Wasserschleben (Dr. H.), Das landesherrliche Kirchenregiment, swd. | " " " | " |
| Wendt (Dr. H.), Sinneswahrnehmungen und Sinnesanschauungen, swd. | (L. W. Schmidt) | |
| White (R. G.), Words and their Uses. | (Sheldon & Co.) | |
| Wilson (Pr. F. D.), Calliban: The Missing Link. | (Macmillan & Co.) | 2 00 |
| Williamson (M. J.), Modern Diabolism. | (James Miller) | |

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

FEBRUARY 24.

THE money market has continued very active with rates on call loans ranging between 7 per cent. and a commission of $\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. per diem in addition. The average rate for the week was $\frac{1}{8}$ and interest. Towards the close of banking hours on Friday there was a pressure to loan, and money was offered down to 2 per cent. per annum. The occurrence of a holiday on Saturday made it desirable for holders of balances to loan them out from Friday until Monday for the purpose of securing three days' interest. Foreign bankers are inclined to make time loans on stock collaterals, and considerable amounts of sterling have been put out in this way for sixty days. Various estimates have been made of the amounts so placed in this market, which it is impossible to state with exactitude, but they will probably reach nearly twenty millions of dollars.

Last week the Bank of England gained £273,000 in bullion. The Bank rate remains at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Money in the open market is quoted at $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent.

The weekly bank statement is again unfavorable; the total reserve has fallen off \$2,731,200, and the total liabilities \$2,681,400. The banks hold in specie and legal tenders \$1,859,850 less than the 25 per cent. required by law against \$1,229,000 last week—a falling off of \$560,850.

The following is a comparison of the averages for the two weeks ending February 15 and February 21, the statement having been made up on Friday instead of on Saturday.

| | Feb. 15. | Feb. 21. | Differences. |
|--------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------|
| Loans..... | \$291,520,700 | \$286,870,100 | Dec. \$4,650,600 |
| Specie..... | 16,451,000 | 15,046,900 | Dec. 1,414,100 |
| Circulation..... | 27,539,800 | 27,573,100 | Inc. 33,300 |
| Deposits..... | 214,613,400 | 205,898,700 | Dec. 8,714,700 |
| Legal tenders..... | 42,778,300 | 41,461,200 | Dec. 1,317,100 |

The following shows the relation between the total reserve and the total liabilities:

| | Feb. 15. | Feb. 21. | Differences. |
|----------------------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------|
| Specie..... | \$16,451,000 | \$15,046,900 | Dec. \$1,414,100 |
| Legal tenders..... | 42,778,300 | 41,461,200 | Dec. 1,317,100 |
| Total reserve..... | \$59,229,300 | \$56,508,100 | Dec. \$2,731,200 |
| Circulation..... | 27,539,800 | 27,573,100 | Inc. 33,300 |
| Deposits..... | 214,613,400 | 205,898,700 | Dec. 8,714,700 |
| Total liabilities..... | \$342,153,200 | \$293,471,800 | Dec. \$8,681,400 |
| 25 per cent. reserve..... | 60,538,300 | 58,367,950 | |
| Deficiency in legal reserve..... | \$1,229,000 | \$1,859,850 | Inc. 560,850 |

There is nothing of importance to report in regard to the stock market beyond a sudden recovery of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on Thursday, in the price of New York Central, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in Western Union on Wednesday and Thursday. Union Pacific was strong at the end of the week (Friday), and the price advanced to $35\frac{1}{8}$ from 33, the lowest point of the week.

We have news from Washington that the lobbying affairs of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are to be overhauled. The object of this is to ascertain if there has been any money influence used in Congress towards obtaining the Government subsidy for the China line; and the proposal of it has caused a decline in the price of the stock to $70\frac{1}{2}$.

It is said that the recovery in the price of Union Pacific was caused by the buying in of stock to cover short sales which were made last week for account of Washington parties. On Friday the stock was in good borrowing demand on account of the closing of the transfer books for election of officers. The "point" that a considerable advance is to take place in Central and Hudson has again been revived, and those who are reputed to be on intimate terms with the Commodore are the ones who speak most confidently of a rise in the stock.

The situation in Western Union Telegraph bids fair to bring about a lively fight between the opposite parties. There have been rumors of a "corner" in the stock, but, from our experience of "corners," we have always found that the successful ones come "like a thief in the night" without warning.

The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company has declared its regular 5 per cent. semi-annual dividend, payable either in the stock of the

Company or in cash, as holders may elect. At market price, the stock they receive will be equal to a $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend, it is probable, therefore, that but little cash will be called for. The Company does not really make new stock, since it already holds in its treasury 12,300 shares of the Burlington and Missouri River R.R., which it has recently leased. This stock will now be cancelled, and in its place new stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road issued as a dividend. The company has ample opportunities for expending its ready cash upon road improvements, in the way of double tracks, steel rails, and rolling stock.

It would seem that some of the stockholders of the Erie Railroad Company do not approve of the payment of the recent dividend, judging from the fact that "a series of resolutions instructing the Attorney-General to commence a suit to restrain the payment of the Erie dividend, on the ground that it is unreal and fraudulent, has been introduced at Albany." There is a rumor that Jay Gould may be the next President of the Erie.

The following report of earnings, for the year ending October 31, 1872, has been made by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company to the State Engineer and Surveyor:

| | 1871. | 1872. | Inc. |
|-------------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Passengers..... | \$6,224,839 | \$6,662,006 | \$437,167 |
| Freights..... | 14,647,581 | 16,259,676 | 1,612,096 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 1,069,785 | 2,659,023 | 1,559,237 |
| Total..... | \$21,972,305 | \$25,580,675 | \$3,608,470 |
| Operating expenses..... | 13,991,110 | 16,446,436 | — |
| Net earnings..... | \$7,981,095 | \$9,134,239 | \$1,153,144 |

The payments on account of dividends were \$7,224,831, and for rentals of leased lines \$146,799.

The following table shows the highest and lowest sales of the leading stocks at the Stock Exchange, for the week ending February 21:

| | Monday. | Tuesday. | Wed'n'day. | Thursday. | Friday. | Saturday. |
|----------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| N. Y. C. & H. R..... | 102 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 103 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 103 | 103 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 102 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 104 |
| Lake Shore..... | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 97 | 96 | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Erie..... | 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 65 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 | 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Union Pacific..... | 33 | 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Rock Island..... | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Mil. & St. Paul..... | 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 52 | 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Wabash..... | 74 | 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 73 | 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 73 |
| B. & H. Erie..... | 9 | 10 | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Ohio & Miss..... | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Col. C. & I. C..... | 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| West. Union Tel..... | 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Pacific Mail..... | 72 | 73 | 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 73 | 71 | 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

Holiday.

The Government bond market has been strong, with a constant demand from foreign bankers for bonds for shipment. The Treasury purchase on Wednesday drew seventeen offers of 5.20's, amounting to \$5,128,150, at 113.65 to 114.49. The price of gold at the time the offers were made being 114 $\frac{1}{2}$, it will be seen that Mr. Boutwell had an excellent opportunity to purchase an amount sufficient to make up the deficiency in the purchases of last month, but, for some good and wise reason, he decided not to do so, and took \$1,000,000 at 113.65 to 113.85. There is nothing new to report in Syndicate operations in the new 5 per cents.

The State of Virginia is endeavoring to induce holders of bonds of the State to compromise in settlement of the interest due this year, and the following proposition is reported to have been accepted by a conference which sat in Richmond on Saturday, the 15th inst.: Four per cent. interest for 1873 to be paid on consols, four per cent. on two-thirds of the unfunded debt, and a like amount on the sterling debt; holders of coupons are to receive, when the same are presented at the Treasury, a non-interest bearing certificate in lieu of the unpaid interest. It is proposed to leave the settlement of past due coupons to the action of the Legislature.

It is reported that the coupons of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Company are in default, due February 15.

The gold market has been strong, with the price fluctuating between 114 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 114 $\frac{1}{2}$. At the Treasury sale on Thursday bids for \$8,125,000 were made at 114 to 114.63 $\frac{1}{2}$. The \$1,500,000 was awarded at 114.51 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 114.63 $\frac{1}{2}$.

BANKING OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,
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BONDS amount to \$2,735,000. This road is now consolidated with the CENTRAL PACIFIC, and the payment of its bonds, principal and interest, is assumed by the latter. Coupon Bonds, \$1,000 each. Their market price to-day is 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 95. As they have recently been introduced on the Stock Exchange, we expect to see them rapidly rise to the price of CENTRAL PACIFICs, being substantially the same in character and value.

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